A CHILD IS BORN . . . . By Stephen Vincent Benét

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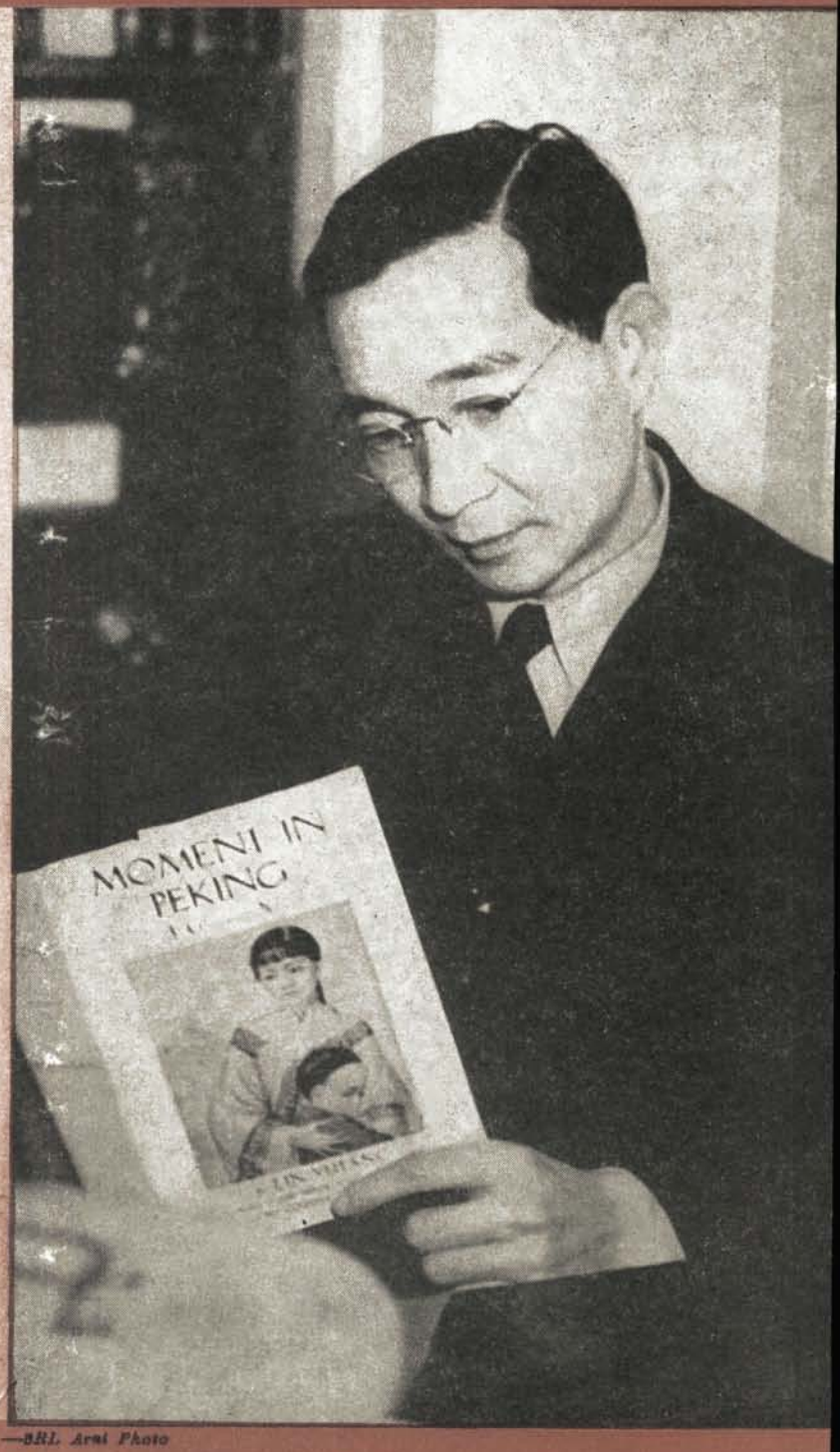

—BRI. Arni Photo

"The superb penetrating introduction to each section (of 'The Wisdom of China and India') will aid the reader to obtain a rare analysis and perspective of the value of various works." . . . (See page 5)

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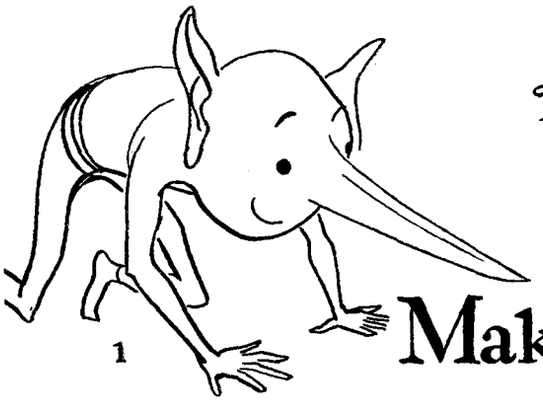


Make Way for the Gremlins

IRWIN SHAPIRO

GREMLINS. . . . What are them?* Who are them? Why do them plague British and American pilots? Do them ever trouble the Japs and the Nazis? Do them, in fact, even exist?

Not so many weeks ago this country was flooded by a host of reports, rumors, dispatches, and so-called news articles purporting to describe the activities of a mysterious band of creatures who inhabit the air and prey on the fliers of the RAF and the American Air Forces. These creatures were called Gremlins, but whether them were hostile, friendly, or merely mischievous and neutral, was unclear. On a few things everyone was agreed: Gremlins are a little people related to, but unlike, elves and leprechauns. The females are fifinellas, the young are known as widgets. Gremlins have a great knowledge of aviation and aircraft. Their chief delight is to play tricks like wiggling wing tips, icing wings, drinking up the contents of gas tanks, disabling carburetors, stealing charts and maps, and climbing into gun barrels to deflect bullets.

These, then, were the points of agreement. As for the rest, all was confusion. *Time* (Sept. 14, 1942) hinted that the origin of the Gremlins was obscure and spoke of them as moody. *Newsweek* (Sept. 7, 1942) gave their origin as out of a beer bottle in possession of a Scot, and labeled them impish. Other sources called them good, bad, malevolent, beneficent, goodhumored, devilish, and prankish. Some took their existence for granted; others held to the opinion that Gremlins are products of the imagination.

As the stories were taken up by such diverse publications as *Life, Cosmopolitan,* and the *Christian Science Monitor*, the Gremlins began to develop uncles, cousins, and aunts in fields other than aviation. A sports writer spoke of them breaking up a duck-hunting expedition. *Advertising Age* (Dec. 7, 1942) listed the ways in which Gremlins pester ad men. A *New York Times* headline (Dec. 13, 1942) soberly announced that

GREMLINS BEDEVIL
COFFEE RATIONING

In short, Gremlins have now assumed the appearance of another great American fad, combining, for amusement and conversational purposes, the best features of Technocracy and "Knock-knock."

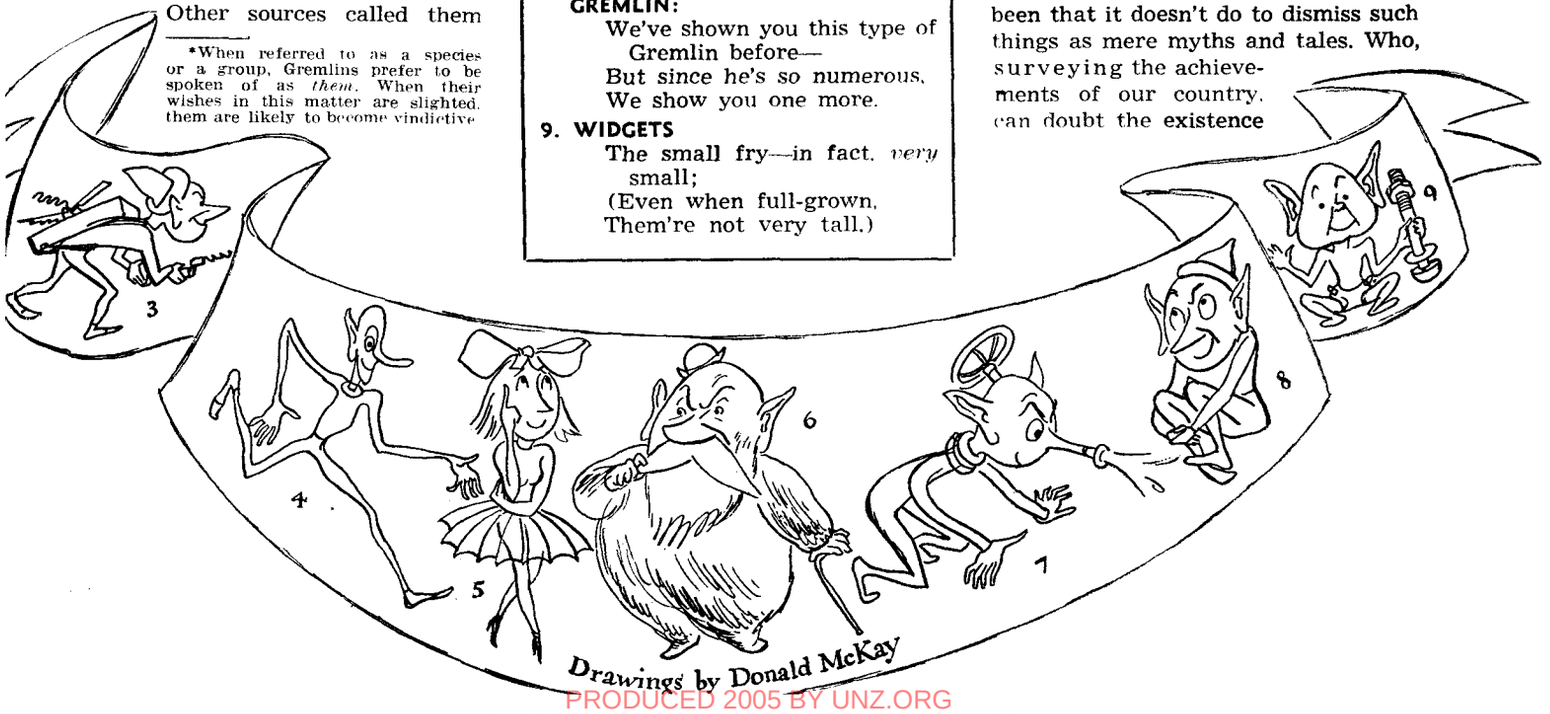
And yet I felt that the original Gremlins first reported by British and American fliers, the Gremlins discussed and groaned over at hidden airfields and secret bases, the Gremlins actually encountered in flight, in the heat of battle, constituted something more than a fad.

MANY people suggested that the Gremlins were only a fairy tale, in the same category as, say, Snow-white and the Seven Dwarfs. But as a student of folklore, my experience has been that it doesn't do to dismiss such things as mere myths and tales. Who, surveying the achievements of our country, can doubt the existence

*When referred to as a species or a group, Gremlins prefer to be spoken of as *them*. When their wishes in this matter are slighted, them are likely to become vindictive.

A GALLERY OF GREMLINS

1. **SWORD-NOSED GREMLINS:**
   Who cut ghastly gashes,
   And rip and tear wing-fabric
   Up into slashes.
2. **GENERAL UTILITY GREMLINS:**
   Who assist,
   Doing odd jobs not handled
   By the trained specialist.
3. **HOLE-BORING GREMLINS:**
   With awls, augurs and bits,
   Slung over their shoulders
   In carpenter's kits.
4. **SLIVERSNICKS:**
   With long bodies and faces
   Who climb into gun barrels
   And other small places.
5. **FIFINELLAS:**
   The female. Though quite strong of arm,
   Has her share of beauty
   And feminine charm.
6. **SPANDULES:**
   The venerable Spandule.
   He's portly, yet fleet.
   Works only at altitudes over 10,000 feet.
7. **WATER-SPURT GREMLIN:**
   Who, instead of a schnozzle,
   Has a long water spout,
   Equipped with a nozzle.
8. **ANOTHER GENERAL UTILITY GREMLIN:**
   We've shown you this type of Gremlin before—
   But since he's so numerous,
   We show you one more.
9. **WIDGETS**
   The small fry—in fact, *very* small;
   (Even when full-grown,
   Them're not very tall.)



Drawings by Donald McKay

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and influence of such figures as Paul Bunyan, John Henry, and Pecos Bill? And while I am no military expert, it took no great perspicacity to realize that purely in the realm of military matters, Gremlins could be of transcendent importance. Once their existence was definitely established, what vistas of tactics and strategy would not be revealed! Were the Gremlins in league with the enemy? Could them be used against the enemy? The possibilities were endless, the implications staggering.

Determined to find out the truth, I plunged into the mass of written material that might have a bearing on Gremlins. I came up with plenty of information about affreets, gnomes, djinns, imps, deeves, bogies, kobolds, brownies, pixies, nixies, elves, leprechauns, clarichauns, trolls, dwergers, sprites, changelings, and pigwidgeons, but about Gremlins—nothing. Absolutely nothing.

I talked to every flyer I could get in touch with, but, while they were all ready to swear that Gremlins exist, none of them had actually seen one. It was always some other fellow.

I had, of course, accumulated a stack of clippings, but that only made matters worse. How could I possibly find out the truth when new and contradictory reports kept appearing day after day? And the tone of most of them was so facetious as to make them useless to the serious investigator. It began to look hopeless. I tried to resign myself to the fact that I would have to wait months, perhaps years, until any really authoritative material could be gathered and all the facts collated. But somehow these questions about the Gremlins kept haunting me. Again and again I returned to my clippings, and one afternoon I sat down to reread them for the thousandth time.

IT was a Sunday afternoon, a very ordinary Sunday afternoon, with the sun shining outside and the sound of my neighbor's radio drifting in through the window. Muttering gloomily to myself, I reached for my pipe. My pipe jumped from my hand. It didn't fall, I tell you—it jumped. Before I had a chance to think, my dictionary flew up from the desk and bopped me on the nose.

"Bomb?" I thought, and cheerfully reflected that if the building crashed on me I wouldn't have to worry about Gremlins any more. I replaced the dictionary and went back to my clippings.

The next minute I heard a terrific, ear-piercing whistle, and I looked up. There, sitting on my typewriter, holding his sides and rocking with laughter, was a little creature—a little man, you might say—no longer than half my arm. He was dressed in green breeches, a red jacket with a ruffle, and on his head was a green derby with a pink feather in the band.

I would like to say that I was unconcerned, that I was bold and at ease. But it is my purpose to give you the whole truth. I leaped from my chair, scared as hell.

He stopped laughing long enough to throw me a look that was at once quizzical, impudent, amused, and more than a little supercilious. And he said, in the impeccable and unmistakable accents of Oxford:

"My word! You've turned green
With a faint tinge of yellow!
Oh, come, come, my dear man—
Chin up, now, old fellow!" *

"You—you—" I said, pointing to the clippings. "You're one of *them*?"

"Quite," he said.

I managed to stutter something about there really *being* Gremlins.

"Evidently," he said. "I might even say obviously." He leaned forward and asked, "Any beer about?"

"What?" I asked.

"Beer!" he shouted. "The flowing bowl! The foaming tankard! Beer! I've come a long way and I'm thirsty."

I apologized for not having any in the house.

"Then get some, get some!" he said. "I dare say there's a pub nearby." And he drawled out with a leer, "Pal." He chuckled and added, "An Americanism I picked up from one of your fliers."

When I hesitated, he roared:

"Oh, I'll be here when you get back.
Now get going. And step on it,
Jack!"

I rushed out. When I got back he was reading the clippings and muttering, "Stuff and nonsense. Poppycock..... Ah, beer!"

I set a glass of it before him and raised my own.

"Your health, sir," I said.

He winked, put his hands on the edge of his glass and drank his way to the bottom. He hung there, upside-down, and said, "How about another, old fellow? Just pour it in."

I did, and this time he began at the bottom and drank his way to the top. He nodded approvingly as I filled his glass again, and settled back on the typewriter.

"Nothing like beer," he sighed, wiping his mouth with a polka-dotted handkerchief. "Especially after a long journey. Came over on the Clipper, you know."

"Have a nice trip?"

*Later I was to learn that Gremlins do not speak exclusively in verse. But them often prefer to, because, as my visitor put it, "It's harder and more fun."

(Continued on page 20)

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Dr. Lin's New Treasure Chest

THE WISDOM OF CHINA AND INDIA. An Anthology, edited by Lin Yutang. New York: Random House. 1942. 1,104 *pp. index, glossary, etc.* $3.95.

Reviewed by TARAKNATH DAS

MOST of the political leaders and educators of the East, especially those of India and China, have a clear conception of the spirit of the West, because they are well acquainted with the contents of Western culture—history, literature, philosophy, political institutions, etc. —as students in Eastern and Western universities. The majority of the people of America, including political leaders and teachers, know very little about oriental culture. What little they know is often a distorted version of the teachings of so-called experts on oriental affairs and missionaries who are generally incapable of making the right appraisal of things oriental because they start with the belief that the people of the Orient are inferior and must be saved. Therefore, it is imperative that the West should know more about the cultural treasures of the East from original sources and trustworthy translations.

Sympathetic understanding and full appreciation of Eastern and Western cultures, leading to mutual respect and removal of the arrogance and hatred which prevail between the East and the West, is the essential foundation for a better world order. And the spirit behind the efforts in preparing this splendid anthology with notes can be found in the following words of the author and editor, Dr. Lin:

> Today the East and West must meet. . . . No matter what will be the type of world coöperation after the war, we are sure that the East and the West will be living closely together, dependent upon each other. Somehow after the breaking up of the nineteenth century political world, a new world must be forged out of the elements of Anglo-Saxon, Russian and Oriental cultures. . . .

In the volume under review, Dr. Lin, the distinguished Chinese author, presents to the English-speaking world translations of a large number of important books dealing with various phases of the cultural life of the peoples of China and India. Some of the translations are by Western scholars while others are by Dr. Lin himself and other Chinese and Indian authorities. The selection of works incorporated in this anthology is excellent. Important writings on Chinese Mysticism, Chinese Democracy, The Middle Way, Chinese Poetry, Sketches of Chinese Life, Chinese Wit and Wisdom, Indian Piety, Indian Imagination, Indian Humor, and Buddhism are included in the volume. They afford insight into Mythology, Folk-lore, Religion, Philosophy, Political Science, Social Ethics, in short into the general outlook on life of two great peoples of the world who have a cultural history of no less than five thousand years. Furthermore, the superb, penetrating introduction to each section written by Dr. Lin will aid the reader to obtain a rare analysis and perspective of the value of various works, appraised not with blind admiration but with critical as well as understanding sympathy towards the spirit of the originals. One of the excellent features of this work is that in this volume, the average reader, who is rarely interested in hair-splitting arguments of orientalists and philologists but open-minded to receive new ideas on things oriental, will find material which otherwise must be sought in fifty or more volumes—some of them out of print. It is the considered judgment of the reviewer that the book will serve as a reference work on the culture of the Chinese and Hindus for teachers and laymen with whom lie the great responsibility of spreading truth about other peoples to promote human brotherhood, irrespective of race and religion. The publishers are to be congratulated along with the author, for their part in this endeavor to popularize the best in oriental thought among the English-speaking world.

Behind the teachings of the Upanishads and the Bhagavat Gita of the Hindus one will find the spirit of search for Eternal Truth, the Essence of Life and the Universe, and attainment of such a state of development as will make a man truly free and devoid of fear, even the fear of death—in short that state of deathlessness and communing with the Infinite which has its manifestations in the finite.

Confucius (Kung Fu-Tse)

It is the essence of the mystic religion of Taoism to penetrate the veil of the hidden—of the undefinable and eternal secret and manifestations which constitute the cosmic mystery and are the essence of All Life. A Taoist does not run after manifestations or externals; therefore pomp of power cannot delude him. He revels in Inner Peace which is far greater than external magnificence. A Taoist remains undisturbed in the midst of commotion and world chaos and continues to perform his obligations as a member of society. Thus a mystic Taoist is not an inactive fatalist, but he endeavors not to be enslaved by the external world.

More than 230 pages of this volume have been devoted to Buddhist scriptures, parables, legends, philosophy, psychology, and metaphysics as taught by Gautama Buddha to his disciples. In analyzing *"Dhamapada"* (Words of the Doctrine), Dr. Lin writes: "It is a clear call to rouse oneself from the life of sloth, indolence and thoughtlessness of common man to achieve the greatest of all conquests, the conquest of self, to escape from the snares of evil passions, lust, hatred and anger and to attain that highest form of freedom, the moral freedom of one who has overcome himself." Buddhism teaches compassion and love to all. It preaches that the greatest of all evils is the evil of ignorance and the process of salvation must come from within; and one must save himself by constant vigilance and individual effort. Buddha taught:

> By one's self the evil is done, by one's self one suffers; by one's self evil is left undone, by one's self one is purified. The pure and the impure stand and fall by themselves, *no man can purify another.*

Buddhism is neither atheism nor pessimism, but a path or way leading to the enlightenment of man through right thinking, right speaking, right action and right living. Nirvana is neither emptiness nor extinction; but it is the highest state of illumination of man's life to be experienced—it is impossible to define it, as the essence of Kantian idealism cannot be defined in time and space. Buddhism emphasizes the importance of ethical life, based on knowledge, and thus its political philosophy is democratic and its ideal that of service and not domination.

In this age of mechanical and materialistic civilization, when individualism, unbalanced egotism, mad desire for acquisition of power at any cost lie at the root of the present chaos, some of the teachings of Confucius

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may serve as a corrective. Dr. Lin points out:

> The Confucian point of view is that politics must be subordinated to morals, that government is a makeshift of temporization, law a superficial instrument of order, and police force a foolish invention for morally immature individuals. . . .

This does not mean that Confucianism puts a premium on laziness and preaches a type of social and political anarchy in which the present Western world surpasses the rest. According to Confucianism, the most important thing is the development of man's moral nature and his sense of duty in relation to his fellow beings. If human relationships are on a solid foundation and men behave as good sons, good brothers, good friends, and good citizens, then there will be harmony—not enforced order—in a society and there will be orderly government directed to common weal.

The same spirit also pervades the teachings of Hindu sages in respect to political philosophy and the actual practice of government. An extract from a passage from the Ramayana which was written several centuries before the Christian era will illustrate the point:

> For the monarch's highest duty
> is to serve his people's weal,
> And the ruler's glory is to labor
> and to heal;
>
> ....
>
> Guard Kosala's royal treasure, make
> thy gifts of wealth and food
> Not to lords and proud retainers, but
> to worthy and good;
> And to save the good and guiltless,
> Bharat, be it ever thine
>
> ....

In the better world we wish to build, the spirit of appreciation of beauty in Inner Life, the spirit of compassion and service to all, performance of duty in fulfillment of social obligations should subdue the lust for power and lack of consideration for others. It is beyond doubt that the "Wisdom of China and India" will not only be helpful in understanding the spirit governing the life of the vast majority of the peoples of the Orient, but also will supply useful materials to those who have visions of a better world—the world of human brotherhood.

Theodor Broch has written a warning against apathy.

It Happened in Norway

THE MOUNTAINS WAIT. By Theodor Broch. St. Paul, Minn: Webb Book Publishing Co. 1942. 307 *pp. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent.* $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES NEIDER

IN the early morning of April 9, 1940, German destroyers slipped into the fjord at Narvik in nothern Norway and by an act of treachery torpedoed and sank the two Norwegian destroyers guarding the harbor. Narvik was a peaceful and prosperous town of 10,000 inhabitants and three newspapers, located far enough north to enjoy the not unmitigated blessings of the aurora borealis and the midnight sun. The Germans disembarked and approached it, and the Norwegian soldiers in the town capitulated without a struggle at the order of their fascist-minded commander. At approximately the same time, the *Wehrmacht* took over Oslo, Bergen, and Trondheim. Eventually the Germans lost their entire fleet of ten destroyers at Narvik and were shelled and driven from the city by the British, but the latter, after a short period of occupation, receiving urgent calls for help from a falling France, evacuated, and thus the Nazis were left in control of a land guarding the sea lanes to northern Russia, a land which could be used as a base for bombing operations against England, and which was valuable to the Germans as a frontier against Allied invasion of the continent from the north.

Immediately after the German occupation there followed the German manners, the German money, the German speeches *punkt* by *punkt,* and the killings, the pillage, and the New Order. All these were brought by the bright young soldiers who proudly delegated to their officers the function of thought, and with these soldiers appeared their overbearing behavior before the natives, their fear of Gestapo agents, their disregard of property and life and above all of feelings, their cynical attitude toward death and even to their own dead, whom in Narvik they stuffed into a sewer and in the mountains burned in peasant cabins, and their insane hatred of the major evidences of "decadent" democracies—culture and freedom.

It is the familiar story of German deception and violence, with a few differences. In Norway *das Herrenvolk* raped a people united, simple, and close to the soil; a people three-fourths of whose population of barely three million lived in rural areas; whose constitutional monarchy with liberal and even socialistic legislation had managed to remain neutral in the First World War and was practising isolationism the day the *Wehrmacht* struck; whose peasantry was as guileless as the peasantry in Silone's "Fontamara," except that they possessed a greater consciousness of national roots and a flair for argument. But because of these differences the story, while less passionate and grandiose than the rapes of France, Belgium, Poland, and the others, is more transparent and more directly instructive than its prototype.

The story is a warning against apathy in defining the issues and worth of this war, an appeal to free nations not to lose themselves, at a crucial period in their civilization, in the navel-contemplation of isolationism but to think in terms of total war and total morality. Norway was a unity, an integration, a culture before the Nazis came, the land of Ibsen, Kielland, Lie, Björnson, Hamsun and Undset, boasting one of the most socially advanced governments in the world; and afterwards it was a wasteland, its cities shattered and its population oppressed or driven out. The story does not ask that we fight to return Norway to Norwegians, although such an action would be a by-product of victory; it urges us instead to lend our efforts consciously to the formation of a better world, without which victory would be fruitless.

The book is an informative description of Hitlerian methods and morality, with both of which we are by now quite familiar. It is also the finely written account of an important segment of the author's life, from his arrival in Narvik in the spring of 1930 as a lawyer of twenty-six, to his election as mayor four years later, and finally to his escape from execution by the invaders as a British spy. Broch's sobriety, typical of his countrymen and their literature, is an alleviating and moving melodic bass against the treble of treachery, destruction, and death.

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A Child Is Born

A New Christmas Miracle Play in Verse

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

This verse play is published by special arrangement with the radio program, Cavalcade of America, which presented the play last Monday evening, December 21, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontane in the starring roles. Homer Fichett was the producer.

"The time is—time. The place is anywhere." So Mr. Benét sets the background of his play in two scenes omitted here for reasons of space. In the first a colloquy takes places between an innkeeper and his wife, in which the latter proclaims the coming birth of a child in Bethlehem and challenges King Herod on his attitude toward it. The husband remonstrates and is won over by his wife's gentle replies. The scene between them is interrupted by the arrival of soldiers announcing the coming of the prefect who is to hold a banquet in the inn. In the next scene, Joseph and the Virgin appear at the inn and because of the prefect's orders are refused its hospitality but offered shelter in the stable. They go up the path, Joseph with his arm around Mary. The innkeeper's wife speaks:

SOMETHING begins, begins;
Starlit and sunlit, something abroad.
In flesh and spirit and fire.
Something is loosed to change the shaken world.
(Music up and down. Maybe a bell Striking an hour)

NARRATOR
The night deepens. The stars march in the sky.
The prefect's men are gone. The inn is quiet
Save for the sleepy servants and their mistress
Who clean the last soiled pots.
The innkeeper drowses before the fire.
But, in the street, outside—
(Music, changing into a Shepherd's Carol)

FIRST SHEPHERD
As we poor shepherds watched by night

CHORUS
With a hey, with a ho.

FIRST SHEPHERD
A star shone over us so bright
We left our flocks to seek its light

CHORUS
In excelsis deo,
Gloria, gloria,
In excelsis deo.

FIRST SHEPHERD
Now how may such a matter be?

CHORUS
With a hey, with a ho

FIRST SHEPHERD
That we of earth, poor shepherds we,
May look on Jesus' majesty?
And yet the star says—"It is He!"

SHEPHERD
It is He!

SHEPHERD
It is He!

CHORUS
Sing excelsis deo!
Gloria, gloria,
In excelsis deo!

SARAH
Who sings so late? How can they sing so late?

LEAH
I'll go and see.
Wait—I'll rub the window-pane.
It's rimed with frost.
(She looks out)
They're shepherds from the hills.

WIFE
Shepherds?

LEAH
Yes, mistress. They have crooks and staves.
Their tattered cloaks are ragged on their backs.
Their hands are blue and stinging with the cold
And yet they all seem drunken, not with wine
But with good news. Their faces shine with it.

WIFE
Cold—and so late. Poor creatures—call them in.
The prefect's men are gone.

LEAH
Aye but—the master—

—*Wood engraving by Clare Leighton*

WIFE
He's dozing. Do as I tell you.

LEAH *(Calling Out)*
Come in—come in—tarry awhile and rest!

SHEPHERDS *(Joyously)*
We cannot stay. We follow the bright star.

CHORUS
Gloria, gloria
In excelsis deo!

WIFE
Where did they go? Would they not stay with us?
Not one?

LEAH
Mistress, they did not even look on me.
They looked ahead. They have gone toward the stable,
The stable of our inn.

WIFE
The stable of our inn. And they are gone.

LEAH *(Excitedly)*
Aye—gone but—Mistress! Mistress! Do you hear?

WIFE
Hear what?

LEAH
The tread of steeds on the hard ground,
Iron-hoofed, ringing clear—a company
That comes from out the East. I've never seen
Such things. I am afraid. These are great lords,
Great kings, with strange and memorable beasts,
And crowns upon their heads!

INNKEEPER *(Waking)*
What's that? What's that?
Lords, nobles, kings, here in Bethlehem,
In our poor town? What fortune! O, what fortune!
Stand from the window there, you silly girl,
(He calls out)
I'll speak to them!
My gracious, noble masters,
Worthy and mighty kings! Our humble inn
Is honored by your high nobility!
Come in—come in—we've fire and beds and wine!
Come in—come in—tarry awhile and rest!

KING'S VOICES *(Joyfully)*
We cannot stay! We follow the bright star!

CHORUS
Gloria, gloria, in excelsis deo!

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INNKEEPER

I do not understand it. They are gone.
They did not even look at me or pause
Though there's no other inn.
They follow the poor shepherds to the stable.

WIFE *(Sorrowfully)*

They would not tarry with us—no, not one.

INNKEEPER

And yet—

WIFE

Peace, husband. You know well enough
Why none would tarry with us.
And so do I. I lay awhile in sleep
And a voice said to me, "Gloria, gloria,
Gloria in excelsis deo.
The child is born, the child, the child is born!"
And yet I did not rise and go to him
Though I had waited and expected long
For I was jealous that my child should die
And her child live.
And so—I have my judgment. And it is just.

INNKEEPER

Dreams.

WIFE

Were they dreams, the shepherds and the kings?
Is it a dream, this glory that we feel
Streaming upon us—and yet not for us.

LEAH

Now, mistress, mistress, 'tis my fault not yours.
You told me seek the strangers in the stable
And see they had all care but I—forgot.

SARAH

Kissing your soldier!

LEAH

Sarah!

SARAH

I am sorry, Leah.
My tongue's too sharp. Mistress, the fault was mine.
You told me also and I well remembered
Yet did not go!

WIFE

Sarah.

SARAH

I did not go.
Brooding on mine own wrongs, I did not go.
It was my fault.

INNKEEPER

If there was any fault, wife, it was mine.
I did not wish to turn them from my door
And yet—I know I love the chink of money,
Love it too well, the good, sound, thumping coin.
Love it—Oh, God, since I am speaking truth,
Better than wife or fire or chick or child,
Better than country, better than good fame,
Would sell my people for it in the street,
Oh, for a price—but sell them.
And there are many like me. And God pity us.

WIFE

God pity us indeed, for we are human,
And do not always see
The vision when it comes, the shining change,
Or, if we see it, do not follow it
Because it is too hard, too strange, too new,
Too unbelievable, too difficult,
Warring too much with common, easy ways,
And now I know this, standing in this light,
Who have been half-alive these many years,
Brooding on my own sorrow, my own pain,
Saying "I am a barren bough. Expect
Nor fruit nor blossom from a barren bough."
Life is not lost by dying! Life is lost
Minute by minute, day by dragging day,
In all the thousand, small, uncaring ways,
The smooth appeasing compromises of time,
Which are King Herod and King Herod's men,
Always and always. Life can be
Lost without vision but not lost by death,
Lost by not caring, willing, going on
Beyond the ragged edge of fortitude
To something more—something no man has seen.
You who love money, you who love yourself,
You who love bitterness, and I who loved
And lost and thought I could not love again,
And all the people of this little town,
Rise up! The loves we had were not enough.
Something is loosed to change the shaken world,
And with it we must change!
(The voice of Dismas, the thief, breaking in—a rather quizzical, independent voice)

DISMAS

Now that's well said!

INNKEEPER

Who speaks there? Who are you?

DISMAS

Who? Oh, my name is Dismas. I'm a thief.
You know the starved, fleabitten sort of boy
Who haunts dark alleyways in any town,
Sleeps on a fruitsack, runs from the police,
Begs what he can and—borrows what he must.
That's me!

INNKEEPER

How did you get here?

DISMAS

By the door, innkeeper,
The cellar-door. The lock upon it's old.
I could pick locks like that when I was five.

INNKEEPER

What have you taken?

DISMAS

Nothing.
I tried the stable first—and then your cellar,
Slipped in, crept up, rolled underneath a bench
While all your honest backs were turned—and then—

WIFE

And then?

DISMAS

Well—something happened. I don't know what.
I didn't see your shepherds or your kings
But, in the stable, I did see the child.
Just through a crack in the boards—one moment's space.
That's all that I can tell you.
(Passionately)
Is he for me as well? Is he for me?

WIFE

For you as well?

DISMAS

Is he for all of us?
There are so many of us, worthy mistress,
Beggars who show their sores and ask for alms,
Women who cough their lungs out in the cold,
Slaves—oh, I've been one!—thieves and runagates
Who knife each other for a bit of bread,
Having no other way to get the bread.
—The vast sea of the wretched and the poor
Whose murmur comes so faintly to your ears,
In this fine country.
Has he come to all of us
Or just to you?

WIFE

To every man alive.

DISMAS

I wish I could believe.

SARAH *(Scornfully)*

And, if you did,
No doubt you'd give up thieving!

DISMAS

Gently, lady, gently.
Thieving's my trade—the only trade I know.
But, if it were true,

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If he had really come to all of us,
I say—to all of us.
Then, honest man or thief,
I'd hang upon a cross for him!
(A shocked pause. The others mutter)

DISMAS

Would *you?*
(Another Pause)

DISMAS

I see that I've said something you don't like,
Something uncouth and bold and terrifying,
And yet, I'll tell you this.
It won't be till each one of us is willing,
Not you, not me, but every one of us
To hang upon a cross for every man
Who suffers, starves and dies,
That there will be no crosses and no tyrants,
No Herods and no slaves.
(Another Pause)
Well, it was pleasant, thinking things might be so
And so I'll say farewell. I've taken nothing.
And he was a fair child to look on.

WIFE

Wait!

DISMAS

Why? What is it you see there, by the window?

WIFE

The dawn, the common dawn,
The ordinary, poor and mortal day.
The shepherds and the kings have gone away.
The great angelic visitors are gone.
He is alone. He must not be alone.

INNKEEPER

I do not understand you, wife.

DISMAS

Nor I.

WIFE

Do you not see, because I see at last.
Dismas, the thief, is right.
He comes to all of us or comes to none.
Not to my heart in joyous recompense
For what I lost—not to your heart or yours,
But to the ignorant heart of all the world,
So slow to alter, so confused with pain.
Do you not see he must not be alone?

INNKEEPER

I think that I begin to see. And yet—

WIFE

We are the earth his word must sow like wheat
And, if it finds no earth, it cannot grow.
We are his earth, the mortal and the dying,
Led by no star—the sullen and the slut,
The thief, the selfish man, the barren woman,
Who have betrayed him once and will betray him,
Forget his words, be great a moment's space
Under the hammer and the knife of chance
And then slink back into our small affairs.
And yet, unless *we* go, his message fails.

LEAH

Will he bring peace, will he bring brotherhood?

WIFE

He would bring peace, he would bring brotherhood
And yet he will be mocked at in the street.

SARAH

Will he slay King Herod
And rule us all?

WIFE

He will not slay King Herod. He will die.
There will be other Herods, other tyrants,
Great wars and ceaseless struggles to be free,
Not always won.

INNKEEPER

These are sad tidings of him.

WIFE

No, no—they are glad tidings of great joy,
Because he brings man's freedom in his hands,
The thought, the wish, the dream of brotherhood,
Never and never wholly to be lost,
The water and the bread of the oppressed,
The stay and succour of the resolute,
The harness of the valiant and the brave,
The new word that has changed the shaken world.
And, though he die, his word shall grow like wheat
And every time a child is born,
In pain and love and freedom hardly won,
Born and gone forth to help and raise mankind,
There will be women with a right to say
"Gloria, gloria in excelsis deo!
A child is born!"

SARAH

Gloria!

LEAH

Gloria!

WIFE

Come, let us go. What can we bring to him?
What mortal gifts?

LEAH *(Shyly)*

I have a ribbon. It's my prettiest.
It is not much but—he might play with it.

SARAH

I have a little bell my father gave me.
It used to make me merry. I have kept it.
I—he may have it.

DISMAS

My pocket's empty and my rags are bare.
But I can sing to him. That's what I'll do
And—if he needs a thief to die for him—

INNKEEPER

Brr!
Don't speak of dying—it's a nasty thing,
Nasty and cold and—
(Defiantly)
I will give my gold!
I say I'll give my gold, all of my gold,
Every round piece. Oh, do not look at me
So judgingly, with your child's candid eyes!
I'm but a man!
(With complete sincerity)
I will give all, give all,
Give all my heart!

WIFE

And I my faith through all the years and years,
Though I forget, though I am led astray,
Though, after this I never see his face,
I will give all my faith.
Come, let us go,
We, the poor earth but we the faithful earth,
Not yet the joyful, not yet the triumphant,
But faithful, faithful, to the end of time!
Come!

DISMAS *(Sings)*

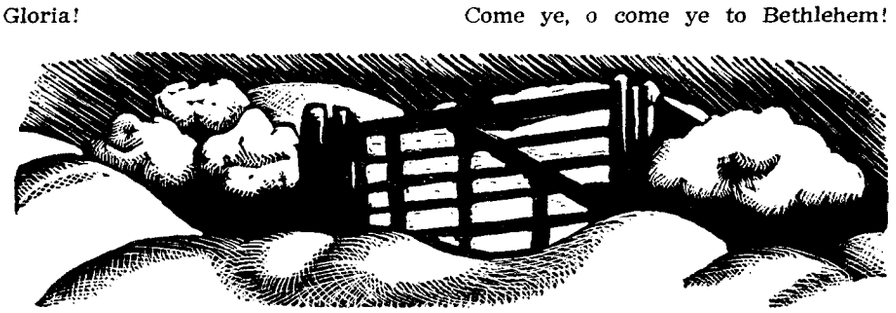
Come, all ye faithful.

INNKEEPER

Joyful and triumphant.

WOMEN

Come ye, o come ye to Bethlehem!



—Wood engraving by Clare Leighton

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You Still Can't Do Business with Adolf

NAZIS IN THE WOODPILE. By Egon Glesinger. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1942. 261 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPÉ

FORESTS cover approximately twenty-three percent of the land surface of the globe; the world consumes 1,200,000,000 tons of wood annually; and only coal—among the world's raw materials and staple commodities—is produced in larger quantities than wood. Egon Glesinger tells us how the Nazis came to run their economy on wood and went after the mastery of the world's forests.

"Nazis in the Woodpile" is another you-cannot-do-business-with-Hitler book. It furnishes well-documented proof in support of the earlier contention, which now no one cares to contest; namely that one really cannot do business with Hitler and that those who tried were fortunate to lose only their shirts and not their skins. The author, the secretary general of the Comité International du Bois (International Forest Products Committee, formerly of Vienna, then of Berne, then of Brussels, and now of Washington), fought in the front line of the behind-the-scene struggle for wood, an important prelude to Hitler's battle for the world.

Hermann Goering's appointment as Reich Forester was not the anachronism it seemed to the outside world but the first step in mobilizing Europe's timber resources for war. When the Nazis came to power they turned to modern wood chemistry for the answer to the problem of waging war without adequate supplies of cotton, wool, oil, and rubber. It was wood which confounded those international experts who predicted that the economic blockade of Britain would force Germany to her knees. For Hitler's soldiers are clad in garments largely woven from wood fiber, fed on wood sugar and wood proteins, just as German cattle is fed on wood-produced fodder; wood-gas driven trucks, greased with lubricants extracted from tree-stumps, and run on Buna tires made from wood alcohol, transport German armies across the plains of Russia, while the Luftwaffe operates planes and gliders fashioned from plywood.

Wood is the one important raw material of which Europe has a plentiful supply not only for internal consumption but also for export. This simple fact, Mr. Glesinger believes, explains all that still baffles us about Nazi economy. The author relates how German forest experts preceded, by a few months, the invading armies which overran Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, the Baltic States, and Yugoslavia, each country possessing large timber reserves and hence being marked out for Goering's ax.

Mr. Glesinger's book is written in a lively style, but his preoccupation with his chosen subject: wood—the diplomacy, techniques, and paramount importance of wood—leads him to exaggerate the importance of the connection between Nazi strategy and forestry. Coal, not wood, is the basic raw material from which Germany derives her major supply of oil and, probably, of artificial rubber; the potato plays in Germany's production of alcohol at least as large a role as wood.

Furthermore, it can be shown that the iron ore of France and Sweden, the bauxite of Hungary and France, are at least as important to the German strategy of raw materials as the timber of Eastern and Northern Europe. The "secret" of Nazi economy is not the use made of any one raw material, but the unholy combination of technological aptitude with utter unscrupulousness in the exploitation of all the resources, natural riches, and manpower, of the European continent.

Mr. Glesinger's book is a valuable commentary on the personalities and mores of European Big Business in the macabre era of appeasement. The author's deft portraits of some of the key figures of the wood business enliven his discourse on trees and politics. He sketches with gusto the sinister von Monroy, assistant to Goering and a bully and blackmailer in his own right; the ubiquitous Wohltat, negotiator of crooked trade agreements; Jean Nebout, lobbyist of French lumber interests, ex-brothelkeeper at Nancy, ex-secretary of the parliamentary lumber committee, knight of the Legion of Honor, and now all-out collaborationist in the pay of the Germans; the smooth Professor Heske, chief of the Nazis' sylvan fifth column and Goering's emissary to the United States. That men like these could freely ply their trade in the market places of Europe is one of the most scathing indictments of business-as-usual. It is obvious, from Mr. Glesinger's study, that the Nazi wood intrigue could not have succeeded so spectacularly had it not been for the rugged selfishness of some of the producer groups abroad which not only did business with Hitler but high-pressured their respective governments into complicated credit arrangements which benefited no one but them and Hitler.

Mr. Glesinger closes his book with an appreciative review of the activities of the United States Forest Service and the proposal for a United Nations Forest Council to "set an end to the Nazis' unopposed advances toward the conquest of the world's forests." The Nazis, he concludes, have a headstart, but our side has even vaster forest resources, and our processes for waging the battles of plywoods, woodplastics, and woodproteins are just as ingenious as those developed by Goering's men. We need not fear the issue. Our wood chemists and lumbermen have just begun to fight.

—*Orr in the* Glasgow Record, *reprinted by* N. Y. Times, *April 5, 1942*

"1918-1942: And the Old Spirit Still Lives."

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Origin and Orbit of the Axis

RIP TIDE OF AGGRESSION. By Lilian T. Mowrer. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1942. 247 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

THIS is a comprehensive story of the Axis drive for world domination. The author pieces the facts of German, Italian, and Japanese aggression into the mosaic of global war. She traces the growth of Nazism, Fascism, and Japanese militarism and shows how the "wolves of Germany, Italy and Japan" have conspired to enslave the rest of the world.

Mrs. Mowrer describes her book as a "primer for those who have little time for study, but who begin to realize how much there is at stake." The description takes no account of the excitement that she has packed into her digest. She has marshalled the well-known facts in an array that is dramatic as well as compact.

"Rip Tide of Aggression" takes off from a spirited introductory chapter entitled "The 'Diaper' Revolution." It was the child rebels of Belgrade who halted the eastward sweep of Nazi victory. Mrs. Mowrer has these infant heroes fire her opening gun "because young people everywhere . . . more than anyone else, will be most affected by the war."

It was a formidable task to telescope into brief space the long complicated history of Axis aggression. But the author was equal to it. She brings Tacitus's "bloodthirsty" German up to date, sends him into Spain with his slightly inglorious Italian collaborators for a "dress rehearsal," shows him cynically double-crossing his Japanese Axis partner by invading Russia. She has done the whole thing with a sense of proportion. She has given due weight to the power politics, military philosophy, and cultural background of each Axis power.

Lilian Mowrer: "Germany, in 1938, won the World War of 1914."

Mrs. Mowrer has a way of streamlining into unity the diverse and multiplex elements of her outline. She brings familiar names, faces, and places into fresh focus. She ends World War I, for instance, with the crack-up of German G.H.Q. And she shows German G.H.Q. cracking in General Ludendorff. "He had fits of weeping, rolled on his back, and gnawed his knuckles." She puts this period to the invasion of Austria: "Germany, in 1938, won the World War of 1914." Mussolini made his march on Rome "by sleeping car . . . first class." When the Japanese bomb exploded at Mukden, "it ripped open a brand new epoch in history."

The book has a good popular bibliography and an index. There are many excellent *précis* in the volume to give it permanent reference value. One of the best is the reparations record of "Poor Germany who got such a rough deal under the Versailles treaty." A particularly trenchant one is the summary of Hitler's New Order in Europe and conquered Russia. It is a ghastly close-up of mass murder, uprooted population, "breeding camps"—in short a tabloid pre-view of the slavery that faces us all if we do not beat the Axis.

The Life of One A. H.

HITLER, MAN OF STRIFE. By Ludwig Wagner. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1942. 331 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THIS new biography of the German dictator attempts faithfully to describe Hitler's life from his boyhood through the years of poverty in Vienna and Munich, his services in the German army during the first World War, and his rise to power up to our present days when the Bohemian corporal makes a desperate effort to dominate the world. The author concludes his vivid account with the statement, that Hitler, "as high priest of strife," has forced the people of Germany into this war which in the end will devour him.

There is enough action and excitement here for five crime stories. The general value of Mr. Wagner's biography lies in its brisk, popular style and its stimulating vigor rather than in its novelty or accuracy. However, we must admit, it is more than difficult to give an exact and full account of Hitler's life and its complex background in only 331 pages.

Ludwig Wagner, the publisher says, is an Austrian writer who knows "intimately the part of Austria that Hitler came from and who, as correspondent in Berlin for the largest Austrian newspaper, met Hitler on more than one occasion." Unfortunately not one of these meetings is described though this would have been worthwhile and given us an intimate picture of Hitler's private life.

The childhood days of the Fuehrer are told in a far broader manner than in Conrad Heiden's brilliant biography. We read that Hitler's Realschule record book in 1906 showed: History: Fair—German language: Unsatisfactory. We also learn that Hitler was an excellent soldier—at least the author seems to put much credence in a small book written by a mounted orderly called Mend who was Hitler's comrade and who lauds his extraordinary courage. This reviewer doubts the reliability of a book that was sponsored by the National Socialist Party.

Many times the author dramatizes important events of Hitler's life when most biographers would have preferred not to give reign to their imagination. Some inaccurate statements have slipped in. Hitler's mother was not "about ten years younger" than Hitler's father. She was born in 1860, and Alois Schicklgruber, called Hitler, was born in 1837. Also when Hitler went to Vienna, in 1907, he could not possibly have heard a Viennese organ-grinder play "Wien, Wien, nur du allein." This song was composed twelve years later.

Mr. Wagner tells us little about the program of the Nazi party, or about the role the Communist party played in pre-war Germany. There is no mention of the memorable first mass meeting of the Nazis at the Munich Hofbräuhaus in February 1920 when Hitler announced the program of the party.

For these and other reasons Conrad Heiden's Hitler biography, published in 1936, is a far more searching, penetrating, and illuminating book than this new biography. But any work dealing with the Fuehrer makes interesting and provocative reading.

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THE SKIN OF WHOSE TEETH: PART II

IN last week's *SRL,* Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson described Thornton Wilder's new hit play, "The Skin of Our Teeth," as "an American recreation, thinly disguised, of James Joyce's 'Finnegan's Wake'." Mr. Campbell and Mr. Robinson are among the twelve-odd people in this country who are reported to have read and understood that somewhat obscure work of genius which bears such a fascinating resemblance to Mr. Wilder's play; and they are the authors of a forthcoming book, "A Skeleton Key to Finnegan's Wake," on which they have been toiling for some years.

The problem involved is not whether Mr. Wilder is a plagiarist, since to borrow from "Finnegan's Wake" might be compared to borrowing from a modern Bulfinch's "Mythology" which had been written in an ingenious code; or to dipping into an inexhaustible well of muddy water, which was thought to have magically curative properties. It was rather that Mr. Wilder had pulled a fast one on the public and especially those dramatic critics who received his play with mixed, but in some cases, wild enthusiasm.

One of our editors went to see "The Skin of Our Teeth" (now available in book form*), before this literary teapot began to boil. While he was as innocent of any suspicion that the Mr. Antrobus of the play was a purported reincarnation of Joyce's H. C. Earwicker, as was Alexander Woollcott when he wrote that "the play stood head and shoulders over any comedy ever written for our stage," nevertheless our editor emerged from the theatre puzzled, not by what the play was about, for it seemed all too obvious, but with the very word "hoax" in his mind that later appeared in last week's article. It might have occurred to him that the shade of James Joyce was lurking somewhere in the background, since the editor had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Wilder lecture for an hour and a half on seven pages of "Finnegan's Wake," and had thereupon sworn never to take the book from his shelves again—a vow broken only when the Campbell and Robinson "Key" appeared. Indeed, Mr. Wilder had been so immersed in "Finnegan's Wake" and for so long, that he has said that he had to turn regretfully from it if he was to get on with his own work.

Any inveterate theatre-goer must give up indulging in anger at the critics for luring him to a play which he does not enjoy; if the house is full and the audience seems to be enjoying itself, he must go out feeling disappointed and a little lonely because he has not been in touch with the crowd. But in this case the house was crowded, but there was little of that warm-hearted response from the audience that is the result of a new play that is packing them in.

After he had surveyed the Antrobus house in New Jersey, with its strangely collapsible walls, and had identified Mrs. Antrobus with Eve, her son with Cain, Tallulah Bankhead with Lilith or the spirit of extra-marital mischief, and finally father Antrobus as Everyman, his attention was captured by the audience. To begin with, it did not seem like a typical New York audience, whatever that expression may mean. There was a pleasant air of eager expectation (after all, one doesn't take heavy-handed praise from Mr. Woollcott too lightly), and the audience seemed primed for strange and witty doings. Whether it was the approach of the ice age during the first act that chilled them, or a gradual suspicion that they were being taken in, it would be hard to say. By the end of the second act—with the deluge suspended over their heads—they knew. They had been taken for a ride. During the last act, there was that rare spectacle of empty seats at a howling box-office success, and not all of them had been occupied by suburbanites running for their trains.

Here was a morality play, its theme as ancient as time—a morality play without that moral ardor which could have captured the imagination of the audience with its recital of mankind's long agony, his indomitable hope. Nor did it have a trace of the wisdom or the wit with which Bernard Shaw endowed "Methuselah," and it needed some of that divine elixir too. It substituted stage tricks and the charming antics of Tullalah Bankhead. And it convinced your reporter that if mankind has no other qualities than the Antrobus tribe revealed on the Plymouth stage, perhaps it was not worth saving after all.

But the heart of the problem lies in Mr. Wilder's bosom. Does he take his play seriously himself or did it merely entertain him to dip into "Finnegan's Wake," spread it over three acts, and sit back and see what would happen?

H. S.

"THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH." By Thornton Wilder. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 142 pp. $2.

First Plowing

Plymouth, 1621

By Alice King

WHEN the Great Winter sickness came, to kill
So many, those whose strength upheld them still
Buried their dead below a wind-swept hill.

To mark the graves, no monument of stone
Was raised in memory of loved ones gone,
For fear to make the dreadful numbers known

Of those who watched, sheltered by shrub or tree;
Creeping on stealthy moccasin to see
How weak and terrified white men could be.

Instead, they plowed the land—the planted field
Would add good corn to that year's harvest-yield—
So with the growing grain the graves were sealed.

They knew that year the people would be fed:
Wild turkey meat; corn meal to make their bread,
Milled from the grain that grew above the dead.

The Governor proclaimed a Feasting-Day:—
"And as ye eat in plenty, ye shall pray
To Him that giveth, as He takes away."

Bread from their bodies, broken here for me—
As long as men remember, this shall be
The First Communion of democracy.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Stanza by Gray

SIR:—It may interest readers of *SRL* to know that Thomas Gray's *Elegy* originally contained not only the three stanzas discovered by L. McCormick-Goodhart (*SRL*, Nov. 7, 1942) but several more. John Bradshaw's edition, *The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray*, London, 1894 (the Aldine Edition), contains the hitherto "unpublished" three stanzas and gives their original position in the poem. Just before the stanza beginning:

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" (1.3), the original MS has the four following stanzas (Bradshaw, p. 223):

The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe
Than power and genius e'er conspired to bless.

And thou, who mindful of th' unhonored dead
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By Night and lonely Contemplation led
To linger in the gloomy walks of Fate;

Hark! how the sacred Calm, that broods around,
Bids ev'ry fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal Peace.

No more with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But thro' the cool sequestered vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

The second "unpublished" stanza comes after the stanza beginning

"Haply some hoary-headed swain may say" (1.97).

The third stanza came to be inserted later in the Pembroke MS by Gray himself, who placed it at the very end of the poem, just before the epitaph. Bradshaw has this to say on the publication of the stanza:

> This stanza, which may be described as "the red-breast stanza," was first printed in the *third* edition of the "Elegy," the date of which I have been able to fix as March, 1751, as I find the "Elegy" with the red-breast stanza in *Scot's Magazine* for that month, and it was then published in the end of the month. Opposite this stanza in the Pembroke MS Gray has written "omitted, 1753." Mason states that the reason for his omitting it was "because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this place." Another reason may be that this stanza was different in character from the preceding, as it dealt in fancies whereas the former described facts.

Also he may have noted the resemblance it bears to some expressions and lines in Collins's "Dirge in Cymbeline" (pub. 1747):

"Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of *earliest* bloom
. . .
The *red-breast* oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend its little aid," etc.
Bradshaw, pp. 228-229)

J. A. LAURITIS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Now, you'll have to be very careful. Willie always found his presents before Xmas."

The Future of B. Cerf

SIR:—The gentleman who writes "Trade Winds" has an unusual style and is exceptionally clever. I could almost go so far as to say that I am sure he must have a very attractive wife to express himself so happily. I am certain this fellow, whoever he is, has quite a future. May I suggest that you pat him on the back and encourage him, as such talent should not go unnoticed.

But seriously, *SRL* is a new-found friend for me, and I am looking forward to each future issue with anticipation.

GINGER ROGERS.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Editor's Note: We suspect a plant. Our undercover agents report that Ginger Rogers and Mrs. Bennett Cerf are first cousins and were brought up together.

Frustration?

SIR:—As a newcomer to this country, as an immigrant from small and chaste Lithuania, I noticed with acuteness the huge flow of the "thrilling" type of literature here, especially periodicals. America is at war now, but that flow doesn't show any sign of diminishing. Isn't that a "frustration" to us now? Harold Butler, Director General of the British Information Service in Washington, wrote about pre-Munich days in Britain:

> There was a general sense of frustration, which was reflected in the literature of the time. Sex novels, detective stories, and thrillers were the spices of a jaded palate. The old Edwardians like Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and John Galsworthy still had their clientele, but they had few youthful rivals and no equals.

You see, where I came from, no criminal or "love story" magazines were published at all, and the comparatively few translations of such books were considered just a case of bad taste or even dirt in the street. . . .

I don't imply any "witch-burning"; I not only rejoice in seeing the real freedom of the printed word here, but I should be interested in hearing some American views and thoughts on the subject.

AREJAS VITKAUSKAS.

Middleton, Ohio.

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TRADE Winds

THE LEAST APPRECIATED and the most important personages in the publishing industry are the heads of the editorial departments. Show me a house with an outstanding reputation, and I think I can prove that a brilliant editor had a lion's share in the making of it. The publishers themselves accept such honors as may be bestowed, pose for the photographers, deliver sententious platitudes to the interviewers, and have ninety-eight percent of the fun. The editors, meanwhile, wallow in Authors' Egomania (very barren country), whip sprawling manuscripts into shape, track down errors of fact and typography, and in short do a great part of the work for which the authors and publishers so graciously accept the credit.

To my mind, Max Perkins of Scribner's, Bob Linscott of Houghton Mifflin, Ben Huebsch of Viking, Gene Saxton of Harper's, and Saxe Commins of Random House have been in a class by themselves, although in all fairness I must say that other houses may be hiding equally brilliant editors that I have not had the good fortune to meet. In the past twelve months, two young men have proven conclusively that they must be admitted immediately to full membership in that charmed circle. I refer to Bill Sloane of Henry Holt, and Ken McCormick of Doubleday, Doran. I understand that *Time's* "man of the year" for 1942 is to be Stalin—and a heck of a good choice too. Sloane and McCormick are hereby designated as Trade Winds' "men of the year" in the publishing world. Sloane took over a moribund and run-down list, and by his own enthusiasm and savvy transformed it in an incredibly short time into one of the most important in the country. McCormick stepped into a difficult role in a huge publishing house, and despite his youth and inexperience, put an end to interoffice intrigues and made the whole book world conscious of the fact that a new and formidable hand was at the editorial helm at Doubleday's.

I was curious to learn how Bill and Ken got their present jobs. Both of them are modest gents, and after worming the facts out of them, I feel I qualify for the F.B.I.

BILL SLOANE was born in Plymouth, Mass., in 1906, and graduated from Princeton in 1929. His first publishing job was in the amateur play department of Longmans, Green, whence he drifted to another publisher of plays named Fitzgerald. Here he toiled not too arduously, but he did spin his first novel, "To Walk the Night." It sold five thousand copies, and elicited warm approval. Henry Seidel Canby secured for him a side job as reader for the Book-of-the-Month Club. From 1936 to 1938, he was associated with Farrar & Rinehart, where he had much to do with the successful launching of Professor J. B. Rhine's "Extra Sensory Perception." When Richard Thornton left Henry Holt, Sloane accepted the job, and once he found himself virtually on his own, began a spectacular series of operations. First he signed Le Grand Cannon for a novel that was not finished until 1942. It was worth waiting for. "Look to the Mountain" was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

"The Raft" is a Holt book because Sloane thought and acted fast. Probably a dozen other publishers read the front-page story of the three men who had survived thirty-four days of exposure in the South Pacific in a collapsible rubber boat. It was Sloane, however, who telephoned to Honolulu, and signed Robert Trumbull, a Hawaiian newspaper editor, to bang out the story. Three months later, Holt had another Book-of-the-Month Club selection on its list.

One morning, a young man appeared in the Holt text-book department with a note of introduction from the Oxford University Press in Canada. He had a simplified mathematics text that had been used to advantage by the R.A.F. Sloane grabbed it for his trade department. Today Mr. Hooper's "A Mathematics Refresher" is in its fiftieth thousand. Sloane told me, incidentally, that his best advertising copy on this book was used originally by Stix, Baer, and Fuller in St. Louis, and we both think we discern in it the fine hand of Lillian Friedman, who is one of the smartest merchants in the book business.

Sloane's greatest discovery, of course, was Private Hargrove. He gave Hargrove an advance of $350.00; the good private's first words were "where's the nearest bank I can take this check without its bouncing?" Several of his bunkmates had financed him for months with little or no hope of recouping their investment; they went with him to the bank to see that this bonanza from heaven did not escape their clutches. Private Hargrove and money did not stay together very long. The idea of a syndicate of soldiers financing an impractical pal is irresistibly amusing. It is good for one of the biggest laughs in "The Eve of Saint Mark," by Maxwell Anderson, who wrote the foreword to Hargrove's book. Hargrove today is the somewhat startled author of the country's number one best seller—the "Dere Mable" of the present war.

—*Blackstone Studios*

—*Photo by Eric Schaal*

Men of the Year: William Sloane (left), of Henry Holt, and Ken McCormick, of Doubleday, Doran.

Four big best sellers at one time provide a spectacle that Bill Sloane's former sponsors view with mingled pride and indignation. "See here, Private Sloane," rasped one of them, "we're going to haul you up for restraint of trade!"

KEN McCORMICK is another Baby Star of the Class of 1906. He was born in New Jersey, brought up in Minnesota, and educated at Willamette College in Salem, Oregon. Then he hitch-hiked back to New York, and got a job tending the library at night in the Twenty-third Street Y.M.C.A. One of his patrons was Bob Coles of the A.B.A. Bob was then in short pants. So, as a matter of fact, was the

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A.B.A. His second job was at the Colony Bookshop, where George Hecht corraled him for the Doubleday ranch. He's grazed there happily ever since, and it looks like a life sentence. He worked in the Penn Terminal branch and Philadelphia, writing in spare time some twenty-five short pieces and three novels. The short pieces were published. In 1934 he was transferred to the editorial department at Garden City, and assigned to read mystery manuscripts for Malcolm Johnson, who at that time was running the Crime Club for Doubleday. Malcolm had come up from the *Youth's Companion*, where he and Pete Howe had been given five months to make or break that venerable but played-out periodical. They broke it. Nobody on earth could have done any better. The formula was obsolete. *St. Nicholas Magazine* and all the other outstanding juvenile periodicals of an earlier day soon followed *Youth's Companion* into oblivion, where they will remain until Bill Benét starts reminiscing about them in the Phoenix Nest.

In 1935, the Doubleday outfit had one of its periodic shake-ups, and McCormick found himself a reader for Harry Maule's department. The first book that he brought the firm was Jimmie Collins's "Test Pilot." Others followed. In 1937 he became an assistant editor and in the Spring of 1942, while en route from the Pacific Coast, he was notified that he had been appointed editor-in-chief. Before that, Ken had persuaded Oscar Levant and Ilka Chase to write what might be called loosely their memoirs. Both books were riotous successes, and Doubleday now has a fool proof formula for an extension of this series. Alice Leone Moats's book on Russia is next in line.

Both Sloane and McCormick pound a mean gavel on the lecture platform. They are Book Publishers of the Future—democratic, articulate, enthusiastic, glowingly alive. The world of books will be safe in their hands. . . .

KNUT HAMSUN, author of "Growth of the Soil" and "Hunger," Nobel Prize Winner and erstwhile literary headman of Norway, has disgraced himself eternally by espousing the cause of the Quislingites. Word has reached these shores of how his countrymen have chosen to register their contempt for him. They have piled up every copy of his books that they could find in their homes, their shops, and their libraries, and mailed them back to him without a word of explanation. The little postoffice in his native town was so swamped that they had to take on several extra helpers to handle the flood of books that poured in day after day. At a public auction recently, a complete set of Hamsun's works, autographed, and bound in full morocco, came under the hammer. The auctioneer knocked down the set to the first and only bidder for a sum equivalent to twenty-five cents in American money. The books were added promptly to the pile that was headed back to Hamsun. He must have quite a few thousand of his books by this time, and he probably has an idea what he can do with them. . . .

HAVE YOU NOTICED how many of the best-selling novels this season are by women? Franz Werfel's "Song of Bernadette" and Lloyd Douglas's "The Robe" are way out in front, but the runners-up are "Drivin' Woman," by Elizabeth Chevalier, "The Prodigal Women," by Nancy Hale, "The Seventh Cross," by Anna Seghers, "Night Shift," by Maritta Wolff, "The Valley of Decision," by Marcia Davenport, "The Cup and the Sword," by Alice Hobart, "And Now Tomorrow," by Rachel Field, and "Crescent Carnival," by Frances Keyes. This information will add to the worries of the gentleman who dined at our house last week and said disconsolately, "All these millions of women in industry aren't going to quit without a struggle when the war ends. What's going to happen to all the men when they come back?" "They can stay home and have the babies," spoke up George Kaufman cheerfully. "All that the boys will need to go into production is a small amount of retooling!" . . .

BENNETT CERF.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ARM-CHAIR TRAVELING

Miss Agnes DeLano, head of the English department at Mount Vernon Seminary, is the author of this week's quiz. What places are described in the following poetic passages? What poets wrote the lines? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 18.

1. The river Weser, deep and wide,
   Washes its wall on the southern side:
   A pleasanter spot you never spied.

2. The sea is calm tonight,
   The tide is full, the moon lies fair
   Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
   Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
   Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

3. The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire
   Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride. . . .

4. Aye, because the sea's the street there; and 'tis arched by . . . what you call . . .
   Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the carnival. . . .

5. . . . a town of monks and bones
   And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
   And rags and hags and hideous wenches.
   I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
   All well defined, and several stinks. . . .

6. The Library of Trinity,
   The Quadrangle of Clare.
   John bought a pipe from Bacon,
   And I acquired there
   "The Anecdotes of Painting"
   From a handcart in the square.

7. . . . loveliest village of the plain,
   Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain;
   Where smiling spring its earliest visits paid,
   And parting summer's lingering bloom delayed. . . .

8. Hog Butcher for the World,
   Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
   Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler. . . .

9. Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
   Through caverns measureless to man
   Down to a sunless sea. . . .

10. Earth has not anything to show more fair:
    Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
    A sight so touching in its majesty:
    This City now doth, like a garment, wear
    The beauty of the morning. . . .

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Being a Websterian Journey

MR. W. & I: Being the Authentic Diary of Caroline Le Roy Webster during a Famous Journey with the Honble. Daniel Webster to Great Britain and the Continent in the year 1839. With an Introduction by Claude M. Fuess. New York: Ives Washburn. 1942. 264 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

IT would perhaps be of more value to the historian if Mrs. Daniel Webster had seen fit to keep a diary of her daily life on their big farm at Marshfield, or of her more significant years in Washington, but human nature being what it is, it reacts to the diary urge more strongly in strange surroundings than among the familiar. Caroline Webster set a pattern since followed by hundreds of American women when in 1839 she went to Europe with her husband and family and faithfully wrote down each day's doings ("My Trip Abroad") and kept all the cards of invitation as souvenirs. She sheds no fresh light on her distinguished husband, indeed he is curiously absent from her chronicle, nor does she add much to our knowledge of England one hundred years ago, but her book is entertaining reading, unconsciously so at times for her naive locutions betray unexpected implications.

She saw all the recommended sights before Herr Baedeker had invented stars and dutifully copied from her guide book dimensions, lists, and other uninspiring details, but she writes with enthusiasm about what really interests her, people (she got all the names), parties, clothes, the furnishing of the houses—and they were grand houses, for the Websters were entertained lavishly by the nobility, including two kings.

The itinerary of the party in England and on the continent so closely follows the accustomed round, it might have been prepared by Raymond & Whitcomb, the notable exception being the invitations to visit the stately homes of England along the way, seldom seen by ordinary tourists except when guided around by a tip-expectant butler. She notes the furnishing of the rooms and their size, counts the number of servants, describes the gold plate displayed on the sideboard, and makes loyal comparisons: "dinner all small dishes, not half we have at home," when dining with Louis Phillippe and his consort. For she is not unduly impressed by all that magnificence. "Mr. W." was a typical Yankee, the poor farm lad who achieved greatness the hard way, but Caroline was born in easy circumstances, of Dutch descent, and her father was consul at New York, and later a successful merchant. She knew enough to use the perfumed water and towel in the ladies cloak room when dining with Queen Victoria. She takes it all in her stride and in spite of weariness and rheumatism aggravated by the damp climate she faithfully writes up her diary every night. Every American tourist will recognize all the pains and pleasures.

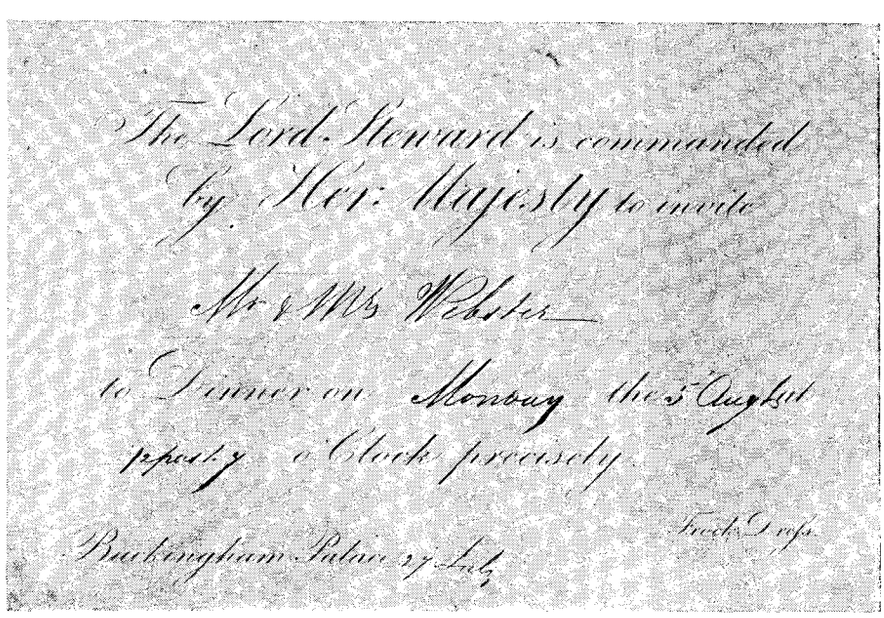
The book has great charm, that freshness and outspokenness often found in the writing of the unaccustomed that reveals so much of the character of its author. The publisher has wisely printed it as Caroline wrote it with the misspelled words and the rapid jumble of phrases that sometimes lead to unpremeditated conclusions: "The Dr. showed us (a picture of) Jane Shore, and said he hoped we would not be shocked—she had a veil to cover her"—". . . but I was so lame from rheumatism and exposure to the Duke of W. and the Opera" . . . "We saw the King & Queens bath (at Bath) into which ladies & gentlemen go, every alternate day; formerly they went together, in dresses; you drink the same water although it changes all the time." . . . "We saw the tombs of Thos. A. Becket, the Black Prince & Henry 4th. Charles 1st was married in the cathedral, met his bride there." . . . "The Titian room we did not visit, as Mr. K. said they were not genuine, and the subject not suited to the ladies; the subject is 'The Loves of the Gods' I believe." She wrote right on no matter how it came out, but you always know what she meant. After all, she didn't print the diary or expect it to be printed. It was obviously kept for her own satisfaction. Her syntax was her own affair.

The omissions are as eloquent as what she includes. She is curiously detached about her husband and what he may be doing or thinking, his high position in the United States, his concern with the somewhat critical state of affairs between the two countries. She reports no conversation of all she must have heard, though she met not only social notabilities but men of letters. But evidently she could hold her own in any company. She preserves a poem that Lord Lonsdale told her he found scratched on a window pane in a house near Cambridge when he was a student there (about 1780) that has a curious timeliness in view of today's situation:

> Hail happy England Freedom's last retreat
> Great is thy wealth, thy power, thy glory great,
> But wealth and power have no immortal day,
> And all things only hasten to decay.
> But when that time shall come, the lot of all,
> When England's glory, wealth and power shall fall
> In other worlds another Britain see
> And what thou art America shall be.

Let's hope Herr Goebbels doesn't get hold of it.

Of more than ordinary interest to the writer of this review is the means of transportation used by the Webster party in their tour of England, for I have been over the same route in a motor car, traversing the same roads, stopping at many of the same inns—Hoppole, Wynnstay Arms, Salutation, Crown,—perhaps still carrying on after nearly a hundred years if not yet extinguished by bombs. Apparently wealthy travelers were able to enjoy


The Lord Steward is commanded by Her Majesty to invite Mr & Mrs Webster to Dinner on Monday the 5th August next at 6 Clock precisely.
Buckingham Palace 31st July

—*Facsimile from the book*

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some of the convenience of an automobile tour. They left London in their coach and four with their luggage in the boot, went up to the west side of England and down the east, Bath, Oxford, the Shakespeare country, the cathedral towns, the Lake country, "Lake" Loch Katrine and Edinburgh, Abbotsford and York, and back to London in the same coach. Where railway was available the coach was put on "the cars," and they sat in the coach. When they took to the road, post horses were changed every ten miles, and they made sixty, seventy, and even one hundred miles a day, and drove up to their inn or the particular ducal palace where they were to be house guests with all their impedimenta at hand. They saw an England that will never be again, the day when the life of the privileged was at its peak of social splendor. Caroline enjoyed it, and you will enjoy her telling about it. What Mr. W. thought is another matter.

The story of the diary, as told by Dr. Claude M. Fuess in his admirable introduction, is as interesting as anything in it. Caroline Le Roy was Daniel Webster's second wife. After he died she lived with a relative in New Rochelle, N. Y., until her death in 1882, and was known as a somewhat queer old lady called "Aunty Webster." Mrs. Edgar moved her few belongings to an attic in Ashfield, Mass., and there among them a sharp-eyed miss, Aunty Webster's great-great-great-grandniece, found it last year. She showed it to Ives Washburn, who providentially chanced to be handy, who grabbed it, brought it out in an attractive format in keeping with its contents, and thus it has been rescued for posterity, as perfect a bit of romantic literary history as one could ask. It can be heartily recommended.

The Community in American Life

THE SMALL COMMUNITY. By Arthur E. Morgan. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 282 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

IT seems to me that the author is at some pains here to smash up his own thesis, which is that the virtues and culture of the small town or the small community in America are indispensable to the country's improvement, or, unscientifically speaking, "progress." In spite of the amended and conditioned definition of "communities" in Chapter III the story seems to be that of the many breeds of unicorns a particular one makes the best cavalry mount and should be developed in the manners prescribed in the following chapters.

Then what is the meaning of the paragraph on Wall Street—"Wall Street is a small village, where every banker knows every other. There is a sort of village code of what constitutes fair play [this is news to this reviewer] which is very clearly understood. . . . Wherever in human associations there is a high degree of intimate, first-hand acquaintance, some of the characteristics of community will appear."

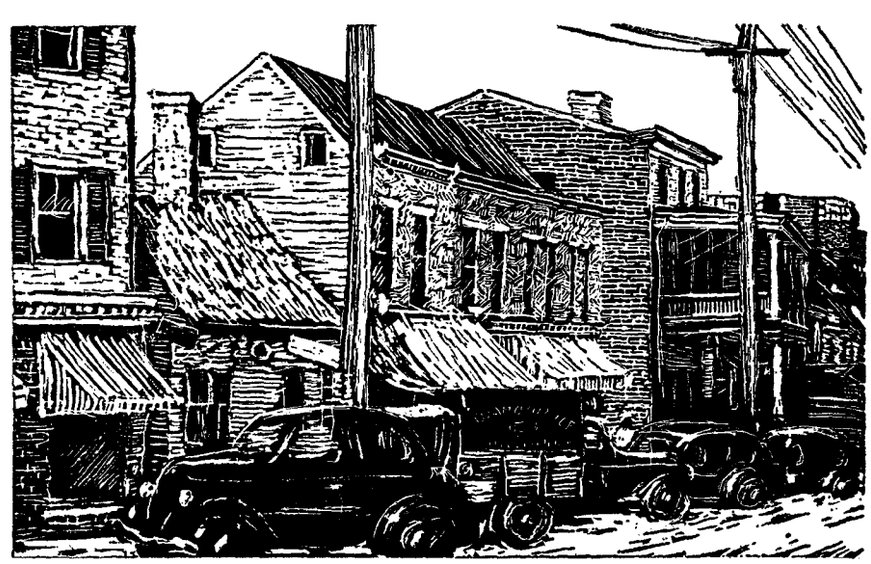
This definition would take in every resident of the United States, including the Hermit of San Joaquin Gulch, as a member of a smaller or larger community. The intention of the author is obviously to point to the small town as a characteristically democratic environment and a source of democratic virtues, but a great many if not most of the small communities in this country are more or less, or even completely, dominated by an individual, an industry, a clique, a party, or even a religious group. The small towns of the Iron Range in Minnesota, for instance, are being systematically evacuated by the mining companies which own them; the farmland towns are generally managed by the most vigorous religious groups in the place; democracy in the small towns of the cotton country is a bitter joke; the largest measure of independence that has come to most of the small places in recent years has come through the great and dangerous practice of federal paternalism.

Nor is it enough to say that the village was the forebear of the city. "It is old, so it must be good," is one of the ancient fallacies. The proposition that most marked ability and most leadership come from small communities simply requires statistics. In this reviewer's opinion, that is not true. It may seem true, but that is simply because the legend of the poor country boy is such a standard part of our literature and biography. After all, more than half of the people in this nation were poor country boys till comparatively recent times, and when they make good, "The wonder was the ape could talk at all."

"The Principle of Economy of Experience" is an interesting one—the idea that people living in small groups come near to making contribution to a common brain and sharing in its products. Two modifiers set that straight—"The Principle of Economy of *Limited* Experience *of All Kinds*." Vicious and impractical experiences frequently survive birth and are exchanged along with wisdom and benevolence, love and kisses. And surely, useful experiences are exchanged in the Village of Wall Street.

The increasing mechanization of agriculture and the solitary industries and the improvement in communications in this country, at least till this war, wiped out a great many small communities and would have wiped out a great many more, except for the curtailment of the resources that put large cities in the farmer's backyard. It is probable that after the war that process will continue. Why not? Why not a megalopolitan nation? There are probably greater economies of wider experience in New York than there are in What Cheer, Iowa.

A great many of the virtues that Mr. Morgan attributes to small communities exist there, and his suggestions for their exploitation and regimentation—for their reduction to something a great deal less than democratic spontaneity—are excellent, but he runs up against one stone wall. *People* live in small communities just the same as in cities.



—From "A Guide to the First State" (American Guide Series).

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Business Is History, Too

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BUSINESS, 1792-1942. By Marquis James. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1942. 431 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by PALMER HARMAN

BUSINESS, it is generally agreed, has always been a dominant interest in this country, and many American business enterprises have reached an age venerable enough to qualify them as historic material. Why do novelists and historians handle the business theme at arm's length? Few novelists except Upton Sinclair and Frank Norris have dealt with it as the organic stuff of fiction, though many have posed a shadowy business demon and showed its lamentable influence on employer and employee. Perhaps the material simply isn't grist for the imaginative writer. But that hardly applies to the historian. He has been able to pass from the doings of sovereigns to the life of common men in the mass, but has done little to trace the development of individual large-scale business units as elements in the national life.

One reason for this neglect is that we have regarded business as controversy rather than as history. From colonial times there has always been a strong and vociferous party of the 'under-dog snapping at the heels of the 'capitalists," who on their part have been the subject of a somewhat smug and sleazy glorification which boomeranged in 1929. Since that fateful year the attackers have made the most of their advantage and have created a kind of Science of Corporate Criminology.

We have seen business as a two-dimensional moral issue, without time-perspective, and a dispute over virtue and villainy, 'tis mince and 'tain't mince. W. R. Scott's massive work on the early English corporations, and others covering later periods, treated individual firms as items in national history. But these volumes smell strongly of the academic lamp—they are pre-Strachey "biography," and they omit the modern period.

Mr. James calls his history of the Insurance Company of North America a biography, 1792-1942, which correctly indicates his treatment of the company as a living organism in a historic setting. There have been several good examples recently of this promising revival of business biography in modern clothes, but most of them have centered on individuals and families—the duPonts, Studebakers, Vanderbilts, Verity of American Rolling Mills. Mr. James's hundred-and-fifty-year narrative contains plenty of human figures, but there is no dominant family succession. So he had to deal with the essence of the corporation itself—artificial, soulless, deathless, impersonal, and meaningless except as it sucks in meaning from the work it does in the community. Out of these materials he has made a significant book.

The Insurance Company of North America was founded in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in the room where sixteen years earlier the Declaration of Independence had been signed. Only five years earlier the American government was born in the same spot, when the delegates framed the Constitution.

—From a drawing by Francisco Bolles.
Marquis James

One cannot stand in that room today, with its tattered chairs and almost pathetic simplicity, without a quickening of the breath. Yet the men who signed America's organic documents were also men of business, who saw nothing inappropriate in founding an insurance company on the spot where the nation had been founded. Samuel Blodget, one of the company's promoters, had served on Washington's staff at the siege of Boston. Ebenezer Hazard, secretary of the new company, had been Postmaster General. There were personal connections with Robert Morris's Bank of North America. The earliest directors were Philadelphia merchants and ship owners, the moneyed aristocracy of the city. One of their first acts was to employ a porter at ten dollars a month and equip him with a cord of wood, a saw, and an axe costing $5.95 all told, and to stimulate him with a hint of a "douceur" at Christmas.

Marine insurance was the company's principal line of business from the start, and remained so for many years. The "smell of tar" was all over its original little office in South Front Street, in sight of the wharfs. The company was the first corporate marine underwriter. Prior to its organization the merchants themselves had mutually and informally insured one another. One of the principal reasons for organizing under a charter was to attract outside capital (the initial capitalization was $600,000) sufficient to compete with the London underwriters and keep American money at home.

Marine insurance is a complicated and hazardous business, and the North America's fortunes were swayed and almost wrecked by the undeclared war with France, the Embargo, the War of 1812. Its golden age coincided with the rise and dominance of the American clipper ship, speed queen of the seas. As the years passed fire insurance, in which Benjamin Franklin himself had taken a hand in Colonial Philadelphia, gained in importance and finally outstripped the marine branch. It was nearly always the more profitable line, save in those years when some holocaust like the Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco fires bit into reserves to the tune of millions. The multifarious coverages of casualty and indemnity were added to the company's list of offerings, as the country's business life became more vast and complex. But North America is still a marine underwriter and has taken its bumps in the present war.

Throughout its most difficult years the company paid its loss claims on the barrel head, Mr. James records, whereas other insurers went broke or welched. There is no particular moral virtue in doing what you promised to do, but there is strong testimony to good management in being able to do it, blow high, blow low. The history of long-lived enterprises consists largely in that simple formula.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Hamelin, in "The Pied Piper," by Browning.
2. "Dover Beach," by Matthew Arnold.
3. Rome, in "Childe Harold," by Byron.
4. Venice, in "A Toccata of Galuppi's," by Browning.
5. "Cologne," by Coleridge.
6. Cambridge, in "The White Cliffs," by Alice Duer Miller.
7. Auburn, in "The Deserted Village," by Goldsmith.
8. "Chicago," by Carl Sandburg.
9. Xanadu, in "Kubla Khan," by Coleridge.
10. London, in "Composed upon Westminster Bridge," by Wordsworth.

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"Twin Devils" of Society

WAR WITHOUT INFLATION. By George Katona. New York: Columbia University Press. 1942. 207 *pp., and index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SYLVIA F. PORTER

ONE of the most original, valuable, and challenging discussions of inflation yet to come out of the prolific typewriters of economists—and more frequently, of pseudo-economists—has just appeared under the unimaginative title "War without Inflation." The best way to describe this book is to say the title is the least interesting part of it. The strongest criticism this reviewer has of George Katona, its author, is that after writing 207 pages on the importance of the psychological approach to all problems and specifically, to the inflation puzzle, he forgot the significance of psychology when digging for his title. Had he entitled his treatise "Psychological Warfare! The Only Way to Conquer Inflation," he might have intrigued his potential mass of readers more easily, and certainly, he would have succeeded in giving them a more accurate description of his argument.

George Katona is a psychologist, an economist, and a journalist, three eminent qualifications for writing a book on inflation. In this volume, he shows his mastery of each activity, for it is his psychological analysis of the problem which makes it challenging and original; it is his basic understanding of the economics of inflation which makes it accurate, and it is his journalistic training which makes it readable. That last point is particularly important, for the sad part about most books on inflation is that they're so dull and word-heavy that the only people who can plow through them are those who don't need the information.

Katona's thesis is that war can be waged without inflation despite all the evidence of history to the contrary. But, says he—and devotes his entire book to proving it—war can be won without an inflationary blow-off and disaster only if the Government and the people of the United States understand the deep meaning of psychology in holding down the vicious price spiral. As yet, the war against inflation is neither won nor lost. We're still in grave danger from two directions: the technical factors of supply and demand are exerting terrific pressure on prices and "inflationary attitudes and expectations may sweep the country" and thereby make mockery out of our hope for just "a little inflation." Katona implies throughout that our Government so far has been bungling the job of creating the proper "attitudes and expectations." And he emphasizes the necessity of understanding, not only by us, but also on the part of the men who pull the strings.

The central idea of this is fascinating. To put it in Katona's words: "Inflation is not an automatic effect of certain inflexible and harsh facts of reality. . . . Since psychological factors contribute to inflation, the fight against it can and must make use of them." The clean truth of that is so obvious that it hurts to realize how few of our regulators know it. Consider the millions who rushed out and hoarded coffee in the weeks before rationing became a fact. Consider the resentment which has been aroused against the $25,000 salary ceiling, even among men who never made more than $3,000 a year in their lives. Consider the thousands who are pathetically trying to protect their own savings against inflation in the mistaken belief that they can win while their neighbors lose. Just look into your own heart for an instant—and, if you do, you'll recognize the importance of psychology in putting over a Government rule!

Having established the theme of psychology as a weapon against inflation, Katona goes on to severe criticisms both of the Administration's methods for handling our "attitudes" and of our reactions. But he absolves us on the basis that if we're told the truth, we'll conduct ourselves appropriately. The Government must issue regulations that are understandable, he insists (and that's not a truism), and then it must make us understand them. "The response to price fixing depends on the way the measure is understood," he sagely remarks. "Sacrifice can be turned into a privilege, provided it is recognized as necessary and shared equally by all citizens," he continues. "The negative appeals, 'don't hoard,' 'don't speculate,' 'don't expect higher prices' are not enough."

Any honest observer knows as he knows his own name that a war will have to be waged to win the peace after the war has been waged to win the military conflict. If we don't have the right "attitudes and expectations" in the post-war period, we easily may lose the very things we're now fighting for. And again, that's where Katona's argument fits in, for his book is the first to give specific positive suggestions as to how those attitudes and expectations may be created.

"War without Inflation" is fast reading. In this regard, Katona practises his own doctrine. It should be a "must" for every Government official who has to frame a rule or meet a civilian. And it should be a "handbook for understanding" for us too.

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MAKE WAY FOR THE GREMLINS

(Continued from page 4)

"Oh, so-so. Didn't do much—stuck my finger in the carburetor jets once or twice—nothing serious; the pilot knew his business."

I ventured to ask if he had any purpose in coming here.

"Naturally," he answered. "All these stories getting around about Gremlins—sheer slander, some of it. That's why I'm here—to set you chaps straight about us."

And why had he come to me?

"You're keen on folklore and all that, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I admitted. "But how did you know?"

"Oh, we Gremlins hear things," he said airily, waggling his ears. I looked closely and saw that inside they were shaped like the detectors used by the armed forces to pick up the first faint sounds of approaching aircraft.

"We intercept radio messages, too. Watch." He pointed his index finger toward the ceiling. "Serves as an antenna, or aerial, as you call it." He opened his mouth, making it round and hollow, and there was a burst of music. Then, "Short wave," he said, holding up his little finger. He opened his mouth again, and I heard code messages and police calls.

"Amazing," I gasped.

"Nothing to it," he said modestly. "Pick up anything, you know. Want to hear the news broadcast?"

"Not just now, thank you," I replied. "There are some things about Gremlins that have been puzzling me. Tell me, how do you Gremlins—that is—do you....."

"Sir!" he roared, and looked at me sternly.

"Oh, no, nothing like that," I hastened to say. "It's just that there is so much I want to ask you and I don't know where to begin. Would you mind answering a few questions?"

"Not in the least," he said, sipping his beer. He answered one or two of my questions, then held up his hand.

"I say," he drawled, "this is getting to be a bore. No fun at all. Must be a better way of doing it. Come now, lad, let's use our noggins." He thought for a moment, then shouted, "I have it! Of course! I'll tell you of Oggins!"

"What are Oggins?" I asked.

"Ha!" he laughed. "Good, that— what are Oggins? Oggins, my dear man, is a lieutenant in your Air Forces. He came from Missouri where, it's well known, they don't believe a thing until they've been shown. I'll tell you about him, and in the course of the tale I think you'll find most of your questions answered."

He downed a glass of beer, upped another, and settled himself comfortably. I got out my notebook and he began. When he was close to the end of the story, he sat up, listening intently.

"There's a pilot that ought to be put in his place," he said, finished his tale in a rush, and sailed off through the window.

"So long!" I said, but he was gone.

I got together my notes and sorted them out as best I could. I cannot say that they are right in every detail, because the Gremlin kept interrupting himself with shouts of laughter and cries of "More beer! More beer!" (Twice I had to run down to the corner to replenish my stock.) Every once in a while he would let loose a burst of music, and frequently he would slap me on the back and say, "Have you heard the one about Hitler and the barmaid?" or "That reminds me of the one about the two sailors in a blackout." Of course I had to listen, and I'm afraid I came back with a few anecdotes of my own . . . Sometimes he even lapsed into what sounded like a peculiar kind of double talk. "Double talk?" he remarked when I commented on it. "We Gremlins know triple, quadruple, and quintuple talk."

AND so here we are, in an age we like to think of—despite Hitler—as scientific and enlightened, talking about "Gremlins." We are apt to forget that behind every myth, legend, and folk tale, since the days of the gods sporting on Olympus, lies a human need. It may be the need to mitigate a fear, to explain an otherwise unexplainable phenomenon, to express some great hope or aspiration. Out of the dark shadows of the Black Forest came dwarves and ogres; from the compact agricultural countries of Europe came elves, leprechauns, brownies—the little people. From our own land, a big new country with big jobs to be done, came the work giants like Paul Bunyan and Old Stormalong.

Perhaps the Gremlins serve to express man's wonderment and awe at finding himself, after centuries of striving, a creature of the air, even though it has all been explained in blue-prints and text-books. Perhaps, too, the Gremlins serve to explain the small accidents that happen to even precision-tooled machinery. It may be significant of the nature of this war that the Gremlins are free beings who inhabit the freest of elements. If the Gremlins represent the birth of a new mythology, them are a streamlined myth spread and developed by streamlined methods.

Make no mistake about it: Gremlins have a purpose behind their mischief, unless I am to doubt the veracity of my Gremlin visitor. And, most reassuring of all, the Gremlins are solidly behind the cause of the United Nations.

This article is a preview of the forthcoming book by Mr. Shapiro, "The Gremlins of Lieut. Oggins," to be published early next year by Julian Messner, Inc. The book will be illustrated by Donald McKay.

The John Anisfield Awards

Mrs. Edith Wolf of Cleveland, Ohio, is continuing two $1,000 prizes, known as the John Anisfield Awards, in memory of her father, for books published in 1942 on subjects in the field of race relations. One of these prizes has been awarded annually since 1934 for outstanding scholarly contributions to the understanding of the field. The second was first awarded in 1941 for the best book concerned with racial problems in the field of creative literature. Works of fiction, drama, poetry, or biography or autobiography are eligible. The book which receives the newer award must perform, in the opinion of the judges, an outstanding service in clarifying the problems of racial relations.

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The Phoenix Nest

WE are a great admirer of the President, and have often thought we should like to celebrate him in verse, though we never "got" anything we considered worthy of the occasion. But this has reminded us that there was, at one time, a Baltimore poet, Louis Michel, who wrote for the *Washington Post* an epic in which *another* President Roosevelt figured as hero. This poet started off with the following "rhythmic declaration":

The city and farmland
  In Roosevelt are wed;
When city-born his strong hand
  Reached out for farmers' bread.
The city clan the firm tone
  Of country life could find,
As New York birth with plain zone
  This union man combined.

But the summing up was the most triumphant part of the poem, a peroration that can hardly be bettered. Elsewhere Mr. Michel had been inspired to call "Teddy":

Oh, son of muse and action,
Oh, penman, son of gun . . .

whether or not "building better than he knew." But here is his valedictory:

Like Hercules, the giant;
  Like Ajax, bold and keen;
Like Achilles, defiant;
  Like Atlas, strong, serene;
Like Theseus, the sturdy;
  Like Nestor, who excelled;
Though only six and forty,
  Is Theodore Roosevelt!

Also there was the poet, Julia Ditto Young, of Poets' House, Buffalo, N. Y., who sent copies of her "Barham Beach, The President's Poem" to the Governors of West Virginia, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Wyoming, Kansas, and Missouri (we are going to send our collected Anti-Poll Tax poems to the Governor of Alabama!). She also distributed this extract from "The President's Poem":

But Theodore clasped brotherly her hands,
  And soothing strove to guide her toward the light,
Long pacing to and fro the quiet sands,
  While the Great Wain slow rumbled out of sight,
And ever as she blamed her darkened will,
  And ever as she said "Let be—let be!
I am not worth thy pains!" he answered still,
  "I have helped others, shall I not help thee?"

Julia Ditto Young was also the author of "English Sea Pictures," "Adrift," "Black Evan," "Glynne's Wife," "Saville," and "Thistle Down." She was the wife of a banker in Buffalo. She once referred to Burns as "my bardie."

A Civic Problem

Just as we were sitting down really to *write* something about the Governor of Alabama, whose passionate love of our Government keeps returning to plague our mind, we received the following contribution from an eminent literary man. From heat to cold! We are glad that he is giving grave attention to civic affairs!

"SERIOUS SHORTAGE OF SNOW SHOVELLERS CONFRONTS CITY
Mayor Over Radio Asks Prayers That Storms Skip Area"
—*N. Y. World-Telegram.*

By Stephen Vincent Benét

There's a serious shortage of snow shovellers.
Snow shovellers are seriously short.
Housedwellers, hamleteers and other hovelers
Will be saddened by this sinister report.

We could stand a sudden shortage of sword-swallowers
And the sugar-card takes care of stylish stouts,
They can ration Momma's coffee, they can ration Baby's toffee,
But snow shovellers are something no one scouts.

Snow shovelling's a serious shenanigan.
Snow shovellers are staunch with sacrifice.
Their technique is tried and trusty as they share their shovels rusty
And write "Viva Fiorello!" on the ice.

I sigh a sad sonata for their passing,
A short and sheepish serenade of woe.
When the sidewalks slip and slither and the traffic's in a dither,
O, who will wield the snovels for the show?

A Military Post

We used to be one of the Benéts of Benicia, as we are reminded by a pictorial blotter sent us by F. R. Rideout of California. This shows Benicia as a United States military post back in the roaring days of '49. During 1846-7 the town had been founded by General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo whose last name was given to the California town across from what is now the Mare Island Navy Yard. The name of General Vallejo's wife was Francisca. Due to rivalry with San Francisco, at a later date, the town's name was changed to Benicia, after the *second* name of the General's wife. In March of 1849, following the American conquest of California, Benicia became a military post of the United States; and at the end of April of that year Lieutenant-Colonel Silas Casey, in command of "C" and "G" Companies, 2nd U. S. Infantry, built military barracks at Benicia. In the summer of 1851 our Government established a military arsenal one-half mile east of the town. The first buildings for it, erected in 1852, are still in use; and when *we* first saw Benicia Arsenal, in 1905, the Colonel in command of it was our Father. But few people know that Benicia was once the capital of California, before Sacramento. That was back in '53. Benicia is also famous for John Camel Heenan (What a middle name!) once the boxing champion of the United States, 1858 to 1863. He was known as the "Benicia Boy." His most famous match, as John Kieran would know (not that he could have been present!) was in England with Tom Sayers in 1860. It was declared a draw. Heenan was once married to the famous "Mazeppa," Adah Isaacs Menken, favorite of Alexander Dumas and Algernon Charles Swinburne, and poet in her own right. She dedicated her volume of poems, "Infelicia," to Charles Dickens, and the copy of it that we possess has a reproduction of Dickens's letter to her, accepting the dedication. Opposite, is her own portrait, looking blithe and buxom. She wrote often in a sort of Biblical free verse. She was also very patriotic, as witness:

The Eagle's gray eyes, from the crag by the ocean,
  Undazed by the sun, saw the vision of love,
And swift on the rim of the shield of Columbia,
  The bold Eagle fell from the white throne of Jove.

(We always wanted to say "the bald Eagle!")

Xmas Windup

Finally, Arthur W. Bell, of Beacon Street, Boston, has been musing on Christmas as follows:

OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY
(Head of the House to a Curly Head in the Accounting)

Beneath where festal mistletoe is spread,
Should I succumb to fatal fascination.
Then, would you charge the lapse to overhead
Or, as deferred, to future operation?

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 456)

FRENEAU:
A PICTURE OF THE TIMES
(1782)

But what has war with human kind to do?
In Death's black shroud our bliss can ne'er be found;
'Tis madness aims the life-destroying wound,
Sends fleets and armies to these ravaged shores,
Plots constant ruin, but no peace restores.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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YOUNG MAN, writer, composer, poet, desires joining small get-together group of such individuals around Metropolitan area. Box 769-G.

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HOMESICK SOUTHERNER, not too sedate, now in Hawaii, would welcome feminine correspondence. Box 691-G.

WILL Box numbers 643-G and 671-G kindly communicate with Saturday Review. We have mail for you.

From Macon, Miss., Beacon
November 19, 1942

A friend of the Library, Mrs. D. W. Williams, has made a delightful contribution: A subscription to The Saturday Review of Literature. This is one of the most homey and intimate literary publications that are gotten out. There is something about it that makes every individual reader feel that the whole thing was got up just for his own benefit. It makes you feel in such close touch with all of the things that it contains, and so CONVERSANT along all lines. It has the type of sophistication that gives a place to everybody. True sophistication like true gentility is of a type that makes everybody feel at home. This magazine will be invaluable in the reference section of the library.

If you are not receiving your copy of The Saturday Review as promptly as in the past, please bear in mind that we are doing everything possible to maintain the highest possible standard of service to our subscribers. However, wartime burdens on our transportation systems have made for delay, and the heavy holiday mails have further complicated the problem. We ask your indulgence in the matter of slight inconvenience but would appreciate hearing from you if you consider the delay unreasonable in the light of present conditions.

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The Saturday Review is more than a magazine of book reviews. It is a cultural necessity. It is a magazine concerned with life. It succeeds in making even advice pleasant. I do not see how a home that would keep in touch with the thought of the day could get along without it.

John Mason Brown

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The Crostics Club

This from Frances A. Randall, Duxbury, Mass.

"I want to make a vigorous protest against having the answer to the puzzle on the page with the new puzzle. Sometimes I have not solved the old one before the new one comes—not always owing to inferior mental equipment—often because other things have interfered. We can escape seeing the answer on another page but it is impossible to avoid on the same page." I am sure the *SRL* editors are glad to receive this opinion thus early in their new wrinkle.

This revelation comes from Mrs. N. M. Argabrite, Cocoa Beach, Fla.: "Being a reference puzzler, I was reading 'A Short History of the English People,' by John Richard Green, to find the Roman Catholic Act of 1778 (DC of Nov. 21). On page 768 I found the following: 'The potteries which Wedgewood established,' etc. *Wedgewood* with an *E* I plainly did see!"

Having been brought up at home on that volume, both my parents being Londoners, could I by any chance have imbibed that spelling?

Do you think it fair for puzzlers to send me unsigned letters, especially if a challenge that requires an answer is involved? I don't. In October there arrived, postmarked Oneida, N. Y., an unsigned packet of painstaking and illuminating comments, page by page, of some DCs from Series 12. It was prefaced thus: "The puzzler and partner are purists. It spoils their fun to use any kind of aid except intuition. They each get a book the minute it comes out and work independently. The puzzler didn't really begin to record reactions until No. 16. The intuitive or guessing system (recently described in your Club by another solver) is a necessity, for the puzzler's mind is a blank when asked for a synonym. It's like having a pistol pointed at you."

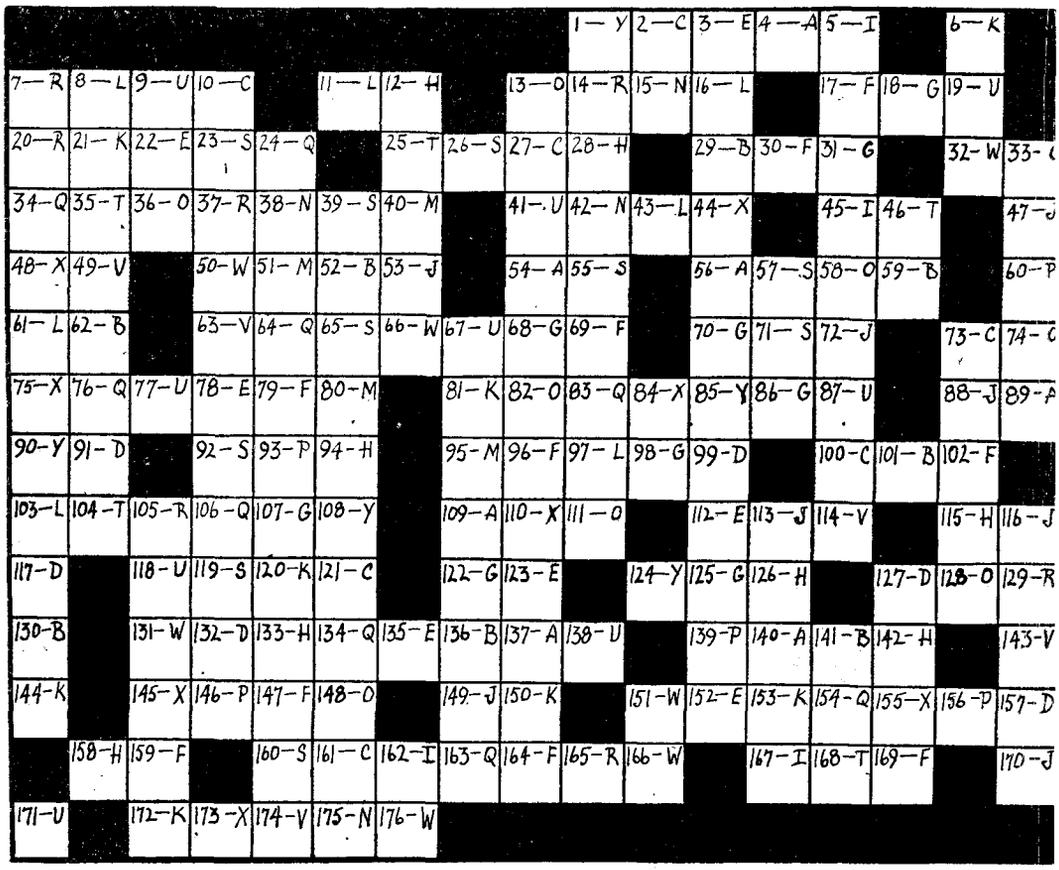
Is it a masculine trait to dislike synonyms? My friend Pascal Enos Hatch, banker of Springfield, Ill., once asked me to use absolute facts more than synonyms. (By the way, the Hatches live in a house associated with Lincoln whose Secretary of State Mr. Hatch's ancestor was.)

As the New Year dawns on our infant almost a year old, I take this opportunity to express my appreciation to you who have so patiently and generously contributed to its healthy growth. I'm behind in my acknowledgments but I shall catch up.

This last stanza from a tribute by Mrs. C. M. Roberts, Chicago, I've cherished for several years and modestly reproduce for its timeliness:

When Santa asks: "Do you want gold
Or gems or jade or joss sticks?"
We answer: "None of those, no, no—
We want more Double Crostics!"

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 457

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Characterizing the minute hairs of the nasal cavity, etc.

B. Sharp-sighted (comp.)

C. Perverse; indecorous; awkward.

D. An imaginary poet whose work Chatterton fabricated.

E. A base, despicable person.

F. Intimate; suited to each other (comp.)

G. Exposed to the sun's rays, for ripening, drying, etc.

H. Nimbleness.

I. Oldest division of the European Jurassic system (Geol.)

J. Country between the Black and Caspian seas from which Odin, etc., came.

K. A light-headed person vain of his fine clothes.

L. Battle—1265—in which Simon de Montford was killed.

M. Vessel for heating liquids—a cup set in a saucer of alcohol.

N. To cause to open in slits or chinks.

O. Of domestic manufacture; plain.

P. Italian composer in England (1847-1916). (Singing master to the royal family—1880).

Q. World War song by George Cohan.

R. To declare to be given up (2 wds.; colloq.)

S. Dislocated; disordered (3 wds.)

T. First month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year.

U. Member of the Moderate Republican party in the French Legislature—1791-2.

V. Medieval progenitor of the violin.

W. Gave vent to.

X. Popular feminine American novelist (1813-86; "Fashion and Famine").

Y. Heroine of famous song by Henry Carey. (He died in 1743).

WORDS

56 140 4 89 109 54 137

136 29 101 130 62 52 59 141

161 33 2 100 10 73 27 121

99 132 127 91 117 157

78 152 22 135 3 112 123

96 17 102 169 164 159 69 79 30 147

98 18 68 122 125 70 107 86 31

126 28 133 142 94 158 115 12

5 45 167 162

53 88 149 47 116 170 113 72

81 120 172 6 150 153 21 144

97 8 16 103 61 43 11

40 95 80 51

175 42 38 15

13 36 58 82 74 128 111 148

156 93 139 60 146

83 34 106 76 163 24 134 64 154

165 7 37 129 14 20 105

119 26 39 55 92 160 57 65 71 23

168 35 25 104 46

118 77 138 9 171 19 67 87 41

114 49 143 174 63

176 151 32 131 66 166 50

145 44 173 84 48 75 110 155

1 124 90 85 108

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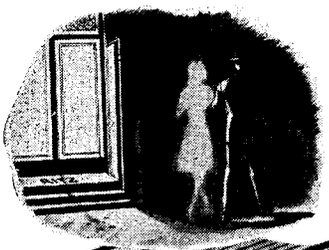
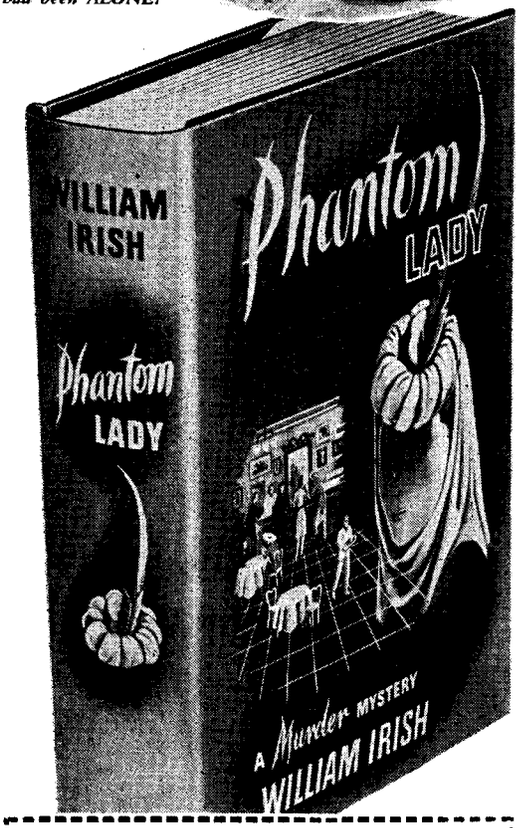
To New Members of the Detective Book Club

PHANTOM LADY

By WILLIAM IRISH



Out into the night went Scott Henderson with a phantom lady! For when he went on trial for murder, bartenders, cab drivers, waiters, doormen SWORE they had seen him that night—but he had been ALONE!



HIS ONLY ALIBI—A Phantom Lady in an Orange Hat!

PUT yourself in Scott Henderson's place. You know you're not a murderer. But the electric chair doesn't know it. You know you were with another woman when your wife was strangled. But the District Attorney and the police don't know it. And *YOU* CAN'T PROVE IT!

You met this other woman in a bar. You took her to dinner and to a play. But you didn't know her name or where she lived. Your mind had been in such a turmoil that you didn't notice anything about her—except that she was wearing a flaming orange hat.

Then you got home and found three detectives waiting for you—and your wife dead in the boudoir!

Where's your alibi? *"Woman—orange hat"* is all you can remember. You get an all-night grilling till you're too tired to remember, or think, or even care. The cops take you out to retrace your steps. *Somebody* must remember seeing you—with the lady in the orange hat.

The bartender. Sure, he saw you . . . but nobody was with you. The cab driver. He remembered picking you up and taking you to the restaurant . . . but you were alone. The headwaiter saw you, too. But he had only served one person, he said. There it was, on your table reservation and on your check. Dinner for ONE!

NOBODY—not the doorman, or the ticket-taker, or the usher—had seen her! They remembered you, because you had come in after the curtain was up. They certainly would have seen a woman in an orange hat. But they swore you were alone! And now you're starting down that "last mile"—with the electric chair staring you in the face!

YOU'LL really cheer as the impact of this thrilling, suspense-packed new mystery, PHANTOM LADY, hits you squarely between the eyes! WHAT A BOOK! PHANTOM LADY is brand new. The author's name is brand new. The book is selling everywhere for $2.00. But we don't want to sell it to you—we want to GIVE it to you—to show detective book fans the *kind* of stories they will get from the Detective Book Club.

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The selections of the Club are ALL books that sell everywhere for $2.00 each. Yet, as a member, you get *three* of them (a $6.00 value) for only $1.89! You do not have to take a volume a month—you may accept as few as four a year.

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